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"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS."—DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



## OUR NOTE BOOK

The last of the three annual processions of Bruges marched through that ancient and dilapidated city on Monday. Organised in memory of Charles the Good, a Count of Flanders who flourished in the twelfth century, and was assassinated, it was simply an exaggerated representation of our own Lord Mayor's show. There were knights in armour of various periods, tradesmen, and watermen in their typical garb, the burgomaster and other grandees of the town in full costume, and handsome trophies significant of art, science, and commerce. Then followed relics from the various cathedrals, including a jewelled reliquary studded with priceless gems, surmounted by solid gold figures of saints, and estimated at worth £120,000, and some pictures by various old Flemish masters, including one by Pierre Pourbus, Rubens' master. The Brugeoise and their neighbours think a great deal of their ancient cavalcade, and people go to it from all the adjacent places and pay large sums for windows to view it from. But it is hardly so attractive to the English, who have not the same respect for historical memories and religious relics as have their Continental and American friends.

Travellers in New Jersey have this summer been much delighted with the sight and scent of a bed of wild roses, about six acres in extent, close to the main line of the Pennsylvania railway. They seemed to blossom afresh after every shower of rain, and must be slightly different to our dog and field roses, as they thrive only on marshy land.

The Welsh are in a great state of anxiety lest their ancient language should be stamped out, and bitterly resent the regulation which makes it penal for children attending board schools to speak in the vernacular during school hours. A conference of educationalists is to be held at Ruabon, in North Wales, and Mr. C. G. Leland, who never neglects his philological opportunities, means to attend it.

"Fumator" asserts that "somebody cheats"; and he proceeds to prove his assertion as follows. Be it premised, he says, that he smokes a great deal, and thinks (with the kind permission of the Anti-Tobacco Association) that he is a vast deal the better for it. Now he smokes, it appears, a certain tobacco (which shall not be specified here for obvious reasons) sold in packets of one, two, or more ounces, and, for all the gorgeousness of the outside wrapper, of very good quality. These packets undoubtedly have a fixed price in the market; and yet "Fumator" complains that for the packet of two ounces he is charged in Kensington a round shilling (if he buys it in person) or eleven-pence (if he sends a servant); in a court off Piccadilly eleven-pence, in other places near Piccadilly a round shilling; at Ashford, in the lovely county of Kent, ten-pence half-penny; at Wye, in the same lovely county, just ten-pence. And yet all the vendors are supposed, of course, to make a profit and, presumably, a fair profit. Unless somebody cheats, "Fumator" classes the matter among the things which "no fellow can understand," because a special London article is cheaper in the country than it is in London; and the cause of the cheapness in an out-of-the-way country-place can hardly be "selling a quantity."

The children of Scandinavia do not seem to think there is room enough for all of them in the old country, and are emigrating in considerable numbers. The Swedish element is already a powerful one in the United States, and both Swedes and Norwegians come over to England as domestic servants. They are very strong, early risers, hard workers, and can turn their hands to anything, and consequently contrast favourably with the "servant of the period" for small families.

Not a single article of food or physic will presently be left to us. Our tea has been pronounced "deadly," milk too often contains all manner of germs with ugly names, claret and port have a suspicious savour of logwood, and beer is an utter abomination. Most people in need of a tonic or something to pick them up in this miserable state of things have flown to some form of quinine, and it is too cruel to be told that even this last resource is a much-abused drug, and that its habitual use is stigmatised as "suicidal."

Belgium ought to derive a vast revenue from its Post Office. The cost of sending and registering a packet of papers weighing about six ounces from Ostend to Paris is three francs seventy-five centimes, or three shillings and a penny halfpenny!

Touching the "Healtheries," it is very nice, no doubt, for the public to have the "Fisheries" and the "Healtheries," and something similar every year in connection with the Albert Hall: but what of the "Wealtheries," what of the well-to-do persons, the "comfortable classes," that live in the neighbourhood? It is said that of such persons the lives are rendered a burden by reason of the sort of "Bartlemy fair" which goes on all the while on the pavement and in the roads leading to the principal show, by the various obstructions, by the collection of omnibuses and cabs, by the disputes between cabmen and "conductors" and their "fares," by the violent language, by the sale of divers articles, such as the "scratcher," or any other "fun of the fair," and such as the objectionable pamphlets or harmless pamphlets with objectionable titles that a certain Mr. Smith was committed to prison for selling or attempting to sell the other day; and it is stated that the inhabitants of the said "Wealtheries" are beginning to migrate, and that property in the neighbourhood, in consequence of the nuisance, is beginning to lose value. The nuisance, of course, is caused by the necessity under which most people will persist in believing themselves to lie of making a living; and the sufferers are the people who either do not lie under that necessity at all or make

their necessary living in a more wholesale, less sordid, less obtrusive kind of way. So difficult is it in this life to make things "pleasant all round"; so true is it in this life that "what is one man's meat (the poor man's) is another man's poison (the rich man's)." Thus poor Mr. Babbage, the mathematician and philosopher, making an unobtrusive but abundant living, was at constant war with poor Signor Saffronelli the organ-grinder, making a very obtrusive but at the same time a very scanty livelihood.

Madame Adelina Patti is entertaining a large party at Craig-y-Nos Castle, her country seat in Swansea Valley. This phenomenal songstress, who, like Othello's wife, could "sing the savageness out of a bear," had intended to have received a succession of visitors during the autumn and early winter; but, having arranged to leave England for the United States on Oct. 25, she has been compelled to hasten her guests; and her lovely and enormous castle is now quite full.

On Monday last the Conference which has in view the establishment of an international code for the protection of literary and artistic property held its first meeting at Berne, in Switzerland. If the aim of this society be carried out, even at a remote period, a long-felt and much-written-about grievance will be satisfied. But it is curious that the work should be commenced on the Continent, where English novels are daily published without the consent of their authors, and sold at a quarter the price charged in London.

The French do not allow the grass to grow under their feet when they desire to do honour to their national heroes. Already the Gymnastic Society of Abbeville, the native place of Admiral Courbet, has formed a committee and commenced to collect subscriptions to present him a sword of honour in commemoration of his work at Foochow.

Modern science has many uses, and it is proposed that the island of Réunion shall henceforth be warned of the approach of cyclones by heliographic signals from the Isle Maurice, which is always visited by those storms some hours before Réunion. The inhabitants of the latter island will thus be able to take their boats ashore, and make whatever preparations are in their power before the fury of the cyclone bursts upon them.

Wagner's music must be extremely exciting to some natures, for news comes from Munich that last week, during one of the rehearsals under the superintendence of the Abbé Liszt, a spectator became actually frenzied, and was with difficulty restrained from strangling a lady who sat next to him. If this is to be the effect of "the music of the future," no one will be anxious for its naturalisation in England.

Few visitors to Paris are perhaps aware of the existence of a monument of the ninth century called the *Tour du Roi Dagobert*. It consists of an old staircase, with a wooden balustrade of a single piece thirty or forty feet in length, which leads to a platform from which a panoramic view of the part of Paris called the *Cité* and of the north side of Notre Dame may be obtained. The approach is in the Rue Chanoinesse. This curious relic is not mentioned in any encyclopedia, nor yet in *Notre Dame de Paris*, and nothing is known of its connection with King Dagobert, though the name probably carries the germ of its history and associations.

The danger attendant on the importation of cargoes of rags from India and Egypt is evident when it is taken into consideration that poor Hindoos wear their cotton cloths till they drop to pieces from age and dirt, and that cholera is almost chronic in the rural districts where they live. Pilgrims to Mecca, too, are annually decimated by that disease; and, even when their bodies are cremated, the old rags of their clothing are somebody's perquisites, and find their way to England and America, without being disinfected, as material for paper-making.

Russian society has been thrilled and stands somewhat aghast at the severity meted out to Prince Bariatsky, the Colonel heretofore commanding the crack regiment of Horse Guards. He has been dismissed from that command, deprived of his rank as one of the Czar's aides-de-camp, relegated to the ranks of the cavalry of the line, and placed under arrest. His crime was having appeared at Court on the name day of the Empress in the ordinary uniform of his regiment, instead of a recently-prescribed uniform for aides-de-camp, and, in spite of remonstrances from high quarters, actually wearing his regimentals at the State ball in the evening. Perhaps he would not have been so hardly dealt with had he not been an old offender, for at the triumphal entry into Moscow he had the audacity to ride behind the Czar in an English instead of a Cassock saddle, and he is well known to dislike the revival of the old Russian accoutrements which find favour in the eyes of his Imperial master.

Horse-racing cannot be recommended as a vocation, for many reasons more or less obvious. On the whole, it certainly does not pay, whatever the two or three hundred thousand pounds cleared in sheer stakes by Lord Falmouth during a prosperous (on the whole) and honourable career may seem to prove. Nevertheless, many a man has risen to a good position from nothing, as regards respectability and estate, via jockeyship and training or some other pursuit related to horse-racing. There was Mr. John Hutchinson, breeder and owner of the famous Benningbrough, Hambletonian, and Overton, in the old days of the last Marquis of Rockingham, the Minister; there was the trainer-jockey, Mr. Forth, who rode the winner of the Derby, Frederic, in 1829, when his own horse, The Exquisite, ran second; there was the astute Mr. "Tom" Parr, who was called "the Talleyrand of the Turf"; there was the celebrated "Wizard of the North," Mr. John Scott, of Whitewall, who started as a "lad" and ended by being regarded as a sort of "squire"; there was Mr. P. Anson, of Malton, who commenced in much the same way, and became the owner of the famous

brood mare, Queen Mary, and, through her, of Blink Bonny, Bonnie Scotland (a great American sire), and Blair Athol, directly or indirectly; and now we have, if not exactly in the same category, in a very analogous list, Mr. R. Peck, Mr. C. Blanton, and, lastly, Mr. John Hammond, originally a stable-boy, it is said. How Mr. Hammond's St. Gatien ran a dead-heat for the Derby this year, know all men; and how his good mare, Florence, won the "Jubilee" Grand Prize at Baden in these latter days, has been duly recorded in the chronicles.

A marriage which is arranged to take place next week in Paris between Mdlle. Madeleine Deslandes and Viscount Maurice Fleury will unite two families whose opinions have hitherto been as wide asunder as the poles. The Fleury family have been warmly attached to the Napoleonic dynasty, and Mdlle. Deslandes is the grandchild of Catalani, the celebrated singer, who hated the first Napoleon with all the force and fire of her Italian nature. When she went to Paris in 1806, preceded by a colossal reputation, he offered her £4000 a year for singing twice a week at the Opera, with two months' holiday every summer; but, determined not to accept, yet fearing to refuse, she fled to England, where she was received with open arms, and after every British victory sang the National Anthem and Rule Britannia to enthusiastic audiences. In private life she was Madame de Valabrègue, and she fell a victim to cholera in 1849.

It is the policy of the Czar, and those who surround him, not to let the world know exactly where he will meet his great-uncle, the Emperor William, and the Emperor of Austria. It is, however, thought probable that Skierniewicz has been fixed on, as it is situated on the line from Bromberg to Vienna, and from it there is a branch to Warsaw. The town is squalid and principally peopled by Jews, but the château is an immense building, and bears the stamp of many generations of rich and powerful masters. It was once the home of Princess Lowicz, and within its precincts Field Marshal Prince Bariatsky, the conqueror of the Caucasus and friend of Alexander II., spent his last years and died.

### GENERAL GORDON'S ARABIC DESPATCH.

We are indebted to Major Gordon Money, 79th Cameron Highlanders, acting Assistant Military Secretary to Lieutenant-General Stephenson, commanding the forces in Egypt, for a facsimile of the first letter written in Arabic to the Mudir of Dongola by General Gordon at Khartoum, which reached Dongola about July 18. It is written on both sides of a very small piece of paper, and this is the front page, with an English translation which we print by its side:—

Mudir of Dongola!

Khartoum and Sennaar in perfect security; and Mohammed Ahmed carries this, to give you news; and, on his reaching you, give him all news as to direction and position of relieving force, and their number. As for Khartoum, in it are eight thousand soldiers, and the Nile has risen rapidly. On arrival of

[Continuation on back page, written diagonally, and with the paper laid in a different position:]

مدير دنقلا  
الحظوظ وسناار في  
الخير والامن  
والنيل في  
الارتفاع  
والجيش في  
السلامة  
والنيل في  
الارتفاع

messenger, give him one hundred reals Medjidieh, from the State.  
(Signed)  
C. E. GORDON.  
(Dated)  
1301, Shaban, 28.  
(June 22, 1884.)

The blue stamp, with the letters L. S., is affixed to this letter.

### "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS."

Ariel's song of invitation, in "The Tempest," may be suitably addressed by the lodging-house keepers of Sandbeach, in August and September, to the Paterfamilias and Materfamilias with the troop of small children. It has often been remarked that, for the diversion of sportive infancy, the sand is a greater attraction than the sea. "And there take hands," whether or not the little boys and girls have "courtsied and kissed"; let them "foot it fealty," with their shoes and socks off, which is half the fun; they are sweet human "sprites," very sweet and very sprightly; and they bear no heavier "burthen" than a few tiny wooden spades and tubs, the implements of playful engineering work, which threatens to let in "the wild waves" on the soft margin of a level shore. Canals are dug, six inches wide and nearly two inches deep, presently filling with salt water the excavated hollows, and making formidable lagoons in which a multitude of living creatures, baby crabs and shrimps, not much unlike fleas, aquatic beetles, and many other insects, the curious "sandhoppers" which swarm by myriads and millions, and other species of "things tentacular and horny, things gelatinous and spawny," tempt the juvenile fisherman to exert his skill. "Bowgh, wowgh!" not indeed "the watchdog's bark," but that of delighted canine companions of this marine recreation, is heard among these young people, as Jumbo or Jingo springs forward in his joyful eagerness, knocking down two of the smallest little girls, who are more frightened than hurt. "The strain of strutting chauticleer" is seldom made audible in this place; that inland bird is rather disposed to shun the vicinity of the dashing billows. We will therefore take leave of the images suggested by Ariel's song, from which the Artist has borrowed a line for the title of his drawing of this pleasant scene. Children have no better play-ground, not even in a meadow when the grass is dry, than the fine sands on many favourite places of summer sojourn along our English coasts. The shallow water, for many yards out, is quite safe for the feeblest waders, and a splashing will not give them a cold.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The King of Italy being asked, when at Venice, to visit the races at Pordenone, made answer that at Pordenone people would be amusing themselves; but that at Naples the people were dying, and that he should go to Naples. So in cholera-smitten Neapolis has King Umberto and his brother Amadeo arrived. Bravery is the leading article in the stock-in-trade of the House of Savoy; and the two Royal *Galantuomini* are steadily carrying on the business left them by their father, Vittorio Emanuele II. Queen Margherita, "the Pearl of Savoy," would have accompanied the King her husband to the plague-stricken city; but the physicians positively forbade her Majesty to undertake the journey.

There are certain emergencies in which the King's name is really a tower of strength. King Umberto is, perhaps, the least fussy and "stuck up" of Continental potentates. His manners are simple; his Court is inexpensive; he rides or drives on the Pincian or in the Corso at Rome without any guards or outriders, in the plainest of garb and a "pot" hat. But, when the occasion calls for it, he can be every inch a King; and it is the King's business to go down among the lowliest of his subjects when plague or famine, earthquake or inundation, are abroad. The Emperor Napoleon III. understood this well enough. When half Lyons had been swamped by the overflow of the Rhône, he and his staff rode through the submerged streets with bags of gold at their saddle-bows to relieve the immediate needs of the starving population. When Amiens and Lille were decimated by the cholera, Cæsar went down at once to the distressed cities and visited every hospital. Obviously his presence there could not cure the sick; but the knowledge that the King—the Kenning—the Able Man—was about gave heart to the timorous and encouraged the undismayed to further effort.

Only Cæsar had to deal with the ungratefulest people in the world. He lost a battle, and the cry of "Vive l'Empereur," was forthwith followed by one of "A la porte!" Just now, the Neapolitan populace are shouting "Viva Savoia! Viva Umberto! Viva Amadeo!" and saluting their Sovereign as "Il Secondo Padre de la Patria." If (*absit omen*) he went to war and lost a battle, would the Italians make haste to get rid of him, I wonder? I hope not. Still, if the History of National Ingratitude ever came to be written, it would be voluminous enough to fill the shelves of half the Alexandrian libraries which the Caliph Omar did *not* burn.

I went from Rome to Naples last year; my guide, philosopher, and friend being a wise and kindly English physician, long domiciled in the Eternal City. Together we explored the lowest quarters of a town which may broadly be described as an immense Seven Dials; intersected by several Holywell-streets, Wych-streets, and Hanway-yards, with a sea-front of surpassing splendour and loveliness, and a mountain background of unrivalled beauty and grandeur. *Bella Napoli!* Reeking Naples! Filthy Naples! City of sweet sounds and horrible odours—of crime unutterable, and squalor indescribable! Yes, indescribable; for, had I put to paper and published even the soberest narrative of what—under the guidance of my friendly medico—I saw last December in Naples, I should have been assailed by the usual outcry about "gushing" and "sensationalism," and so forth. But, now that the cholera has really clutched Naples, it may be permissible to quote what the Naples correspondent of the *Standard* (certainly not a "gushing" or sensational journal) has to say of the slums of "Bella Napoli."

On visiting this morning the most afflicted districts of Mercato, Porto, and Vicaria, I found the people far more composed than might have been expected. Many, of course, loudly bewailed the loss of relations. Wandering through this labyrinth of narrow streets, from which you enter into courtyards, the so-called *Fondaci*, inclosed by houses from six to seven storeys high, altogether excluding ventilation and sunlight, one feels astonished that any of their inmates can escape the fearful disease. No fewer than two hundred thousand souls are crowded together in these lower quarters of the town, in the filthiest imaginable apartments, containing often ten to twelve inmates each, who have to share only one or two beds, are without the commonest decencies of life, and have scarcely any water to drink, and none to spare for ablution. It is no wonder that the epidemic, once having reached these places, will not be easily stamped out.

Mem.: We have places just as horrible—only their area is smaller, and they are gradually diminishing in number—in London. It would appear to most rationally minded people that one way (and a very important one) of dealing with a filthy slum is to look after its drainage; but this is a course which (if the report which I recently read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a sermon preached at All Saints', South Lambeth, be accurate) is not wholly approved of by the Rev. F. G. Lee, the preacher of the discourse in question.

It is the opinion of the Rev. Vicar of All Saints' that "religion, morals, and social order" in this country had been destroyed; and he agreed with the letter of a Major-General, in one of the papers this week, that "a civil war was likely to be the outcome of the existing anarchy . . . the world had long abandoned the first table of the law . . . and now the second table was following the way of the first: the world being more interested in cleaning out drains, and in crying out when a great statesman said what everyone knew to be false: 'What marvellous ability! What a Grand Old Man!'"

I have nothing to say here about the "Grand Old Man" or the truth or falsity of his statements; but my dear Dr. Lee, if we do not clean out the drains we shall be devoured by typhus and smallpox and the cholera, and we shall die. I like Dr. Lee very much. I have always admired the depth of his scholarship, the strength of his convictions, his beneficent way of life, and his earnest, manly, plucky way of putting things. Were I affluent I would present him with "Little Emu's" pabulum, "a cocked hat and a pocket full of money;" only I am afraid that the erudite compiler of the "Mantua Clericorum" would prefer a biretta to a cocked hat. But we must clean out the drains, esteemed Dr. Lee, and clean them, all unsavoury as may be the task, very persistently indeed.

If the world had thought more about cleaning out its drains a couple of hundred years ago, we should be living now in a more peaceable world, and a more temperate and a happier one. And is not cleanliness next to godliness, Dr. Lee?

Mem.: The amiable Vicar incidentally remarked that there were one hundred and sixty-three kinds of religion professed in this country. The Doctor is, no doubt, right; but from memory (I am by the sad sea waves, and listen while they moan) I can only cite the following "kinds" or varieties of religion in England. These are professed by

Moderate Anglicans, High Churchmen, Ritualists, Evangelicals, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Baptists, Particular Baptists, Unitarians, Independents, Congregationalists, Joanna Southcottians, Plymouth Brethren, Moravians, Latter-Day Saints, members of the Church of the New Jerusalem, Quakers, Jews, Mahometans, Armenians, Buddhists, Neo-Buddhists, Comtists, followers of Mr. Voysey, English Benedictines (Father Ignatius), Ranters, Jumpers, German Lutherans, Dutch Protestants (Austin Friars), Spenceans, Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, Free Christian, French Reformed, Reheboth Unsectarians, Russo-Greeks, Salvationists, Revivalists, Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, Quietists, Universalists, Theosophists, Millenarians, Harristies, and Bryanites.

This list is given strictly "without book." I have said nothing of Anabaptists. I have made no mention of Gnostics (although I once knew a lady who declared that she held the tenets of that philosophers' sect), of Agnostics (because they do not profess anything), or of Brownists, Muggletonians, or Fifth Monarchy Men, because I do not know whether any professors of those creeds be still extant. The list might have been considerably swelled by admitting as professors of "some kind" of religion the Worshipers of Mammon and the Worshipers of Self. In any case, my schedule must abound in glaring omissions, some of which it might be worth my correspondents' while to repair, with a view to showing whether Dr. Lee's estimate is exaggerated or the contrary. For example, I should be glad to know whether there are any English Adamites, Confucians, Brahmins, Ghebirs, and so forth.

"T. M. M." (Wigton) remarks that the word "trap" is now more frequently applied, colloquially and in the newspapers, to a wheeled conveyance than was formerly the case, and wishes to know why and when such a vehicle was first called a "trap." Well; "trap" is Old English for a horse-cloth or housing; and the epithet may have been transferred from these to the conveyance; still, I remember having been told, when I was a child, that the term "trap" was first popularly applied to (two-wheeled) conveyances, after the murder of Mr. William Weare (who lived in Lyons Inn) by Thurtell, Probert, and Hunt.

It was in a gig and from a tavern in Conduit-street that Thurtell and Weare started on the journey which, to the latter, was to be his last journey on earth. The wretched man (who was a professional gambler) had been lured or trapped to his doom by the assurance that he was to find, at Thurtell's house in the country, a victim who could be easily fleeced. The fatal gig became an object of considerable notoriety. It was purchased by an enterprising manager, and exhibited as "the original gig in which Mr. Thurtell murdered Mr. Weare," in a melodrama at the Surrey Theatre; nay, it subsequently added a new term to the vocabulary of Thomas Carlyle. "He was a respectable man; he kept a gig," deposed one of the witnesses at the Thurtell trial. Thence the Carlyleian "gigmanity."

Of course, if there are any references to a "trap" for a vehicle prior to the Thurtell trial, the story which I heard in my childish days falls to the ground at once. How many of the stories told to us when we were children have been exploded! That doctors are allowed by law to smother between two feather beds all patients suffering from hydrophobia; that Fauntleroy (afterwards it was Tawell, the Quaker murderer) never was hanged; that "Spring Heeled Jack" was the Marquis of —; that the Princess — was poisoned, and that the Pig Faced Lady resided in Merriensquare, Dublin, and fed from a silver trough. Were you never entertained in your nonage with similar fables? Nowadays, young persons, I presume, are only nourished "with the fairy tales of science and the long result of time."

American philologists (they are a wary race), who are continually on the watch for any slips in his English which John Bull may commit, will not fail to remark that at the Mansion House, on Monday, Sept. 8, Alderman Sir Andrew Lusk made repeated allusions to "the omnibus traffic in front of the Mansion House and other places." Clearly, from the transatlantic purists' standpoint, Sir Andrew's use of the word "traffic" for "locomotion" was indefensible. "Traffic" properly means an interchange of goods, merchandise, or property of any kind, between countries, communities, and individuals.

How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death?

Of course everybody knows what is meant by omnibus traffic, and a railway traffic manager. Still, two wrongs do not make a right; and in warning us that we sin against good English in calling locomotion traffic, our American censors have us undeniably on the hip. By-the-way, I often see in their own newspapers the word "traffic" misused.

There have been, this week, two noticeable public mentions of that "Indian weed," which is a sedative and a solace to some, and an abomination to others. "In the Nile boats," the papers tell us, "the special luxuries will be the medical chest for emergent use, and a liberal supply of tobacco. One hundred boxes, each containing 40 lb. of cake tobacco, have been sent, and three hundred others are to follow—making altogether 16,000 lb., or nearly 2 lb. of tobacco per man." Should this be looked upon as pleasant tidings, or as an Awful and Horrifying Announcement?

And now comes into court (that of the newspapers) Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, who, in a very sensible and manly letter,

makes no secret of his opinion that while our fishing-fleets in the North Sea are demoralised and plundered to an intolerable degree by the floating grog-shops or "Coopers," of which we have heard so much lately, "it is no use offering fishermen spiritual ministrations in the place of tobacco and grog." Mr. Burdett-Coutts thinks that the men must and ought to have tobacco, and that "many of them, in the midst of hardship and exposure, cannot do without grog." So he has the hardihood—the sensible hardihood—to propose that the smacks of the Thames Church Mission, which have already done such a vast amount of good among our fishermen and our water-side characters generally, should enlarge their sphere of usefulness by serving out, in strict moderation, to fishermen, tobacco in lieu of the abominable stuff at present dispensed by the foreign "coopers." Mr. Burdett-Coutts would like to go further, and incite the Mission smacks to dispense grog, "under careful restrictions as to quantity and frequency of supply"; but he is aware that the Mission is conducted on total abstinence principles, and so withholds his suggestion. But could not the fisher-folk obtain some good sound London porter, "as sold at the brewery tap," somehow?

The Earl of Egmont is a wag. A great Conservative meeting was convened on Saturday, the Sixth instant, at his Lordship's seat, Cowdray Park, Midhurst. Six thousand tickets of admission had been issued; but, unfortunately, it rained cats and dogs all day, and the visitors to Cowdray Park had to be counted not by thousands but by hundreds. The persistent downpour inspired the Earl of Egmont with the following really humorous utterance:—

He had not the smallest doubt in his own mind that this unpleasant weather was the work of the Radical party. On the occasion of the earthquake in Essex, a staunch Conservative friend who was breakfasting with him, said, on opening the morning paper, "By Jove, here's an earthquake! It's just like Gladstone. He's always interfering with landed property" (Laughter).

Sir Wilfrid Lawson should look to his laurels.

I have been reading an account of the defiantly convivial proceedings of the New York "Thirteen Club," who held their annual dinner at a place called Glen River, in the vicinity of the Empire City (?). The object of the club is to discountenance the vulgar prejudice against dinner parties of thirteen, and to throw ridicule on similar "silly superstitions." At the door of the restaurant a ladder was placed, slanting to the roof of the building; and under this ladder each guest deliberately walked as he entered. The members divided themselves into dinner parties of thirteen, and each diner solemnly spilled some salt from his own particular salt-cellar. The bill-of-fare offered an occasion for the performance of numerous more or less ghastly mummeries.

The chairman of the "Thirteen Club" certainly made a palpable hit when, in his after-dinner speech, he pointed out that thirteen had proved not an unlucky, but an auspicious number for the United States; since it was Thirteen Colonies which achieved independence, and "the old flag which led them to victory had thirteen stars and thirteen stripes." The merry-makers did not break up until a late hour; and the festivities, it was hinted, might have been still further prolonged but for a rule of the club, which forbids any member from drinking more than thirteen bottles of wine at a sitting. But this I conjecture to have been a mere facetious interpolation on the part of the reporter.

I hope that it was on a Friday that the anti-vulgar prejudice dinner took place. Friday an unlucky day! It is time for that silly superstition to be exploded. Remember the well-authenticated case (the story has been told a hundred times) of the good ship the lines of which (at Natchez, I think) were laid on a Friday; which was christened the "Friday"; which was launched on a Friday; the name of the skipper of which was Friday; and which foundered on a Friday, with all hands, in sight of port.

I learn from the well-informed *Era* that the title of M. Victorien Sardou's long-expected new drama is to be "Theodora," and that it deals with the story of the Emperor Justinian and the remarkable lady who, from an exceptionally disreputable condition of life, rose to share the throne of the Lower Empire. The actress-Empress, whose early performances in the circus at Constantinople have been so graphically described by Gibbon, will be a pivot round which the tableaux of a most splendid spectacle are to turn. I merely mention the subject of M. Sardou's forthcoming drama in this place for the reason that I am desirous of drawing the attention of London theatrical managers to the circumstance that there is extant a very powerful drama dealing with the history of Theodora and Justinian by the late Watts Phillips, author of "The Dead Heart." The play was altogether an original one, and was produced (I think) at the Surrey Theatre about twenty years since. But of the date of its production (having been mainly abroad between 1863 and 1870) I am not at all certain. It would be curious to see Watts Phillips's "Theodora" revived in the teeth of the Frenchman's.

"Rest and be thankful." "W. E. M." reminds me that shortly before the delivery of the speech in which the expression cited last week occurred, Earl Russell had been spending some time in the Highlands, and "no doubt had driven through the interesting pass of Glencroe and seen at the summit the stone on which is inscribed 'Rest and be thankful.'" Very good. At Ludgate there used to be (and may be still for aught I know) a post or ledge, on which porters and others carrying heavy weights might temporarily deposit their burdens, and beneath was the monition "Rest, but do not loiter." That, I take it, is about the best kind of advice to offer to a sincere and earnest Reformer. Rest—that is to say, don't be in a desperate hurry; but do not loiter. Have a crust of bread and cheese and half a pint of beer and a quiet pipe, and then begin "pegging away" again in the cause of progress.

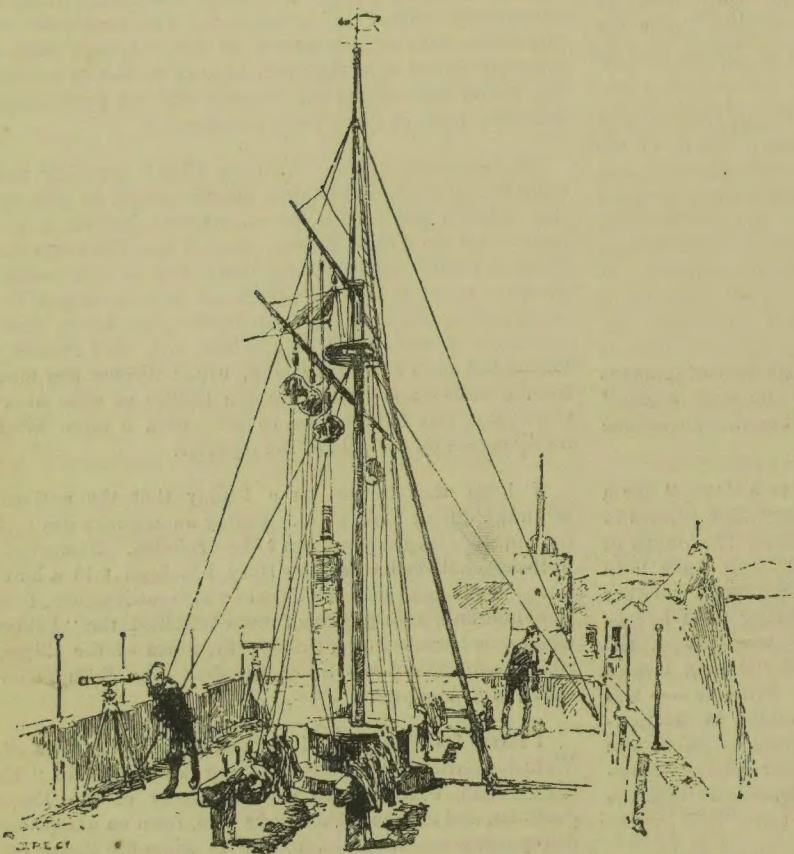
G. A. S.



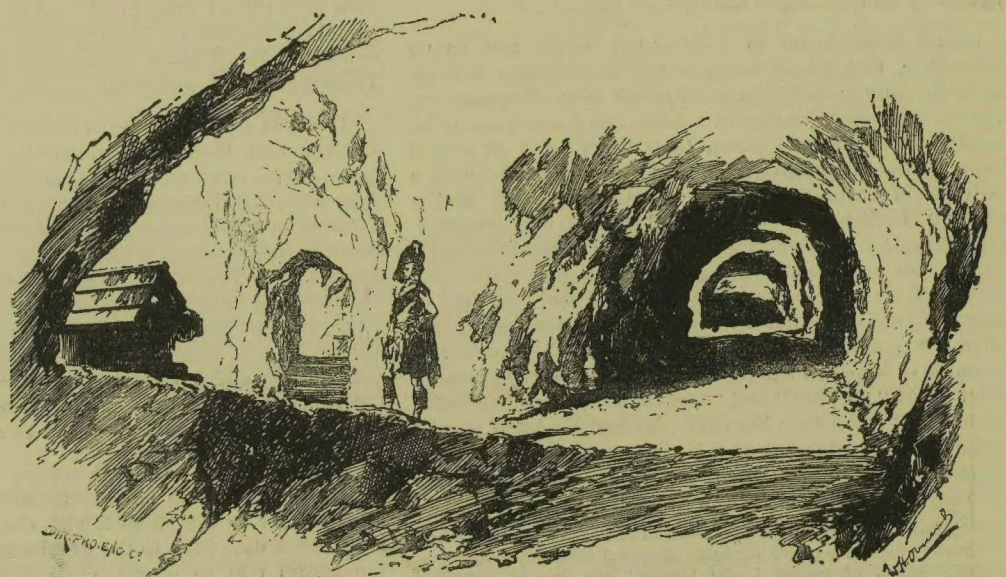
SKETCHES FROM THE "ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE."



AFTERNOON BAND.



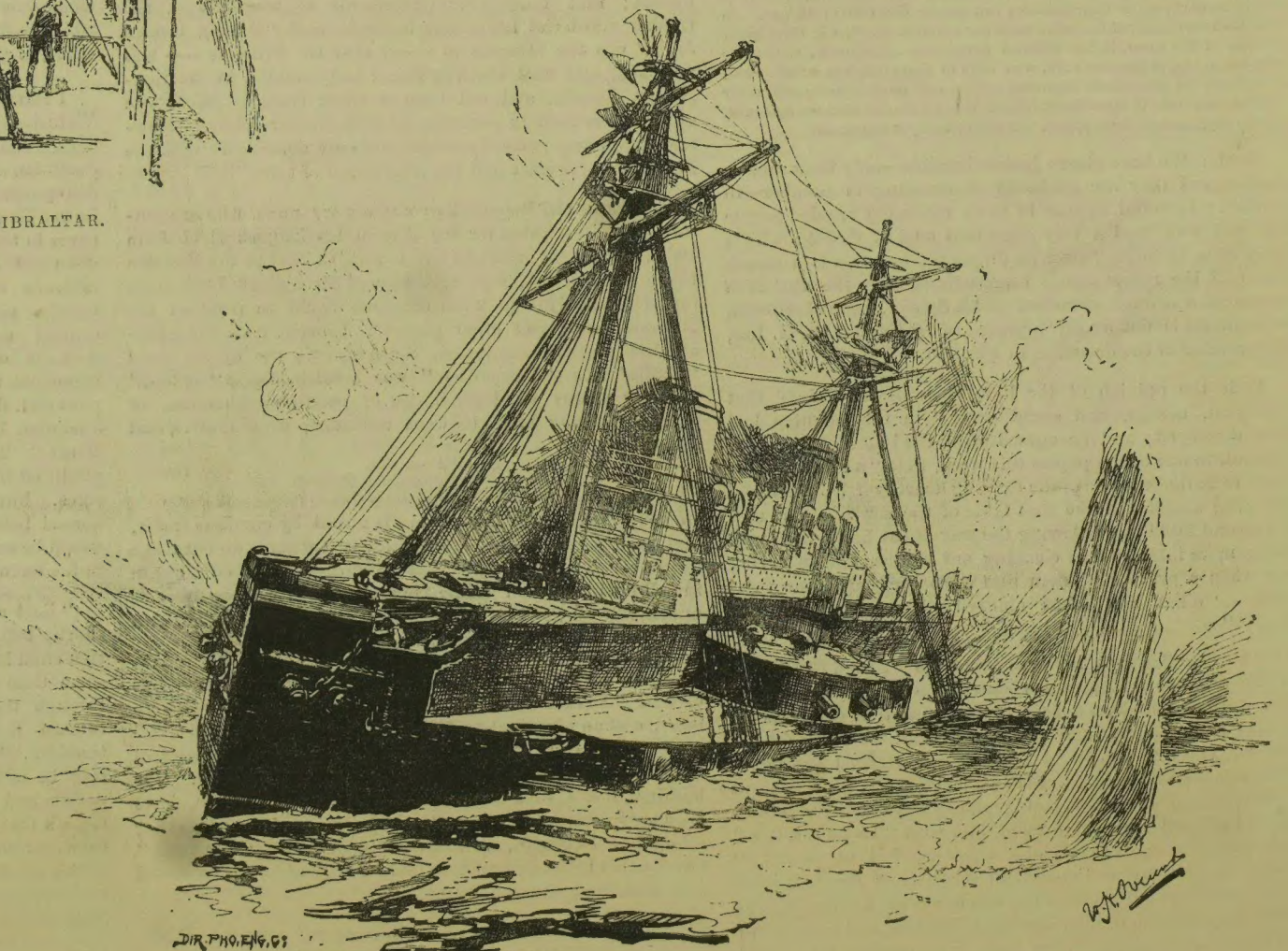
THE SIGNAL STATION, GIBRALTAR.



UPPER UNION GALLERY, GIBRALTAR.



RAIT'S ARTILLERY.



SHIP OF "INFLEXIBLE" TYPE HEELING OVER AFTER ARMOUR PLATING IS DRIVEN IN AT THE WATER-LINE BELT.





MAJOR-GEN. SIR PETER STARK LUMSDEN, K.C.B., C.S.I.,  
COMMANDER OF THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



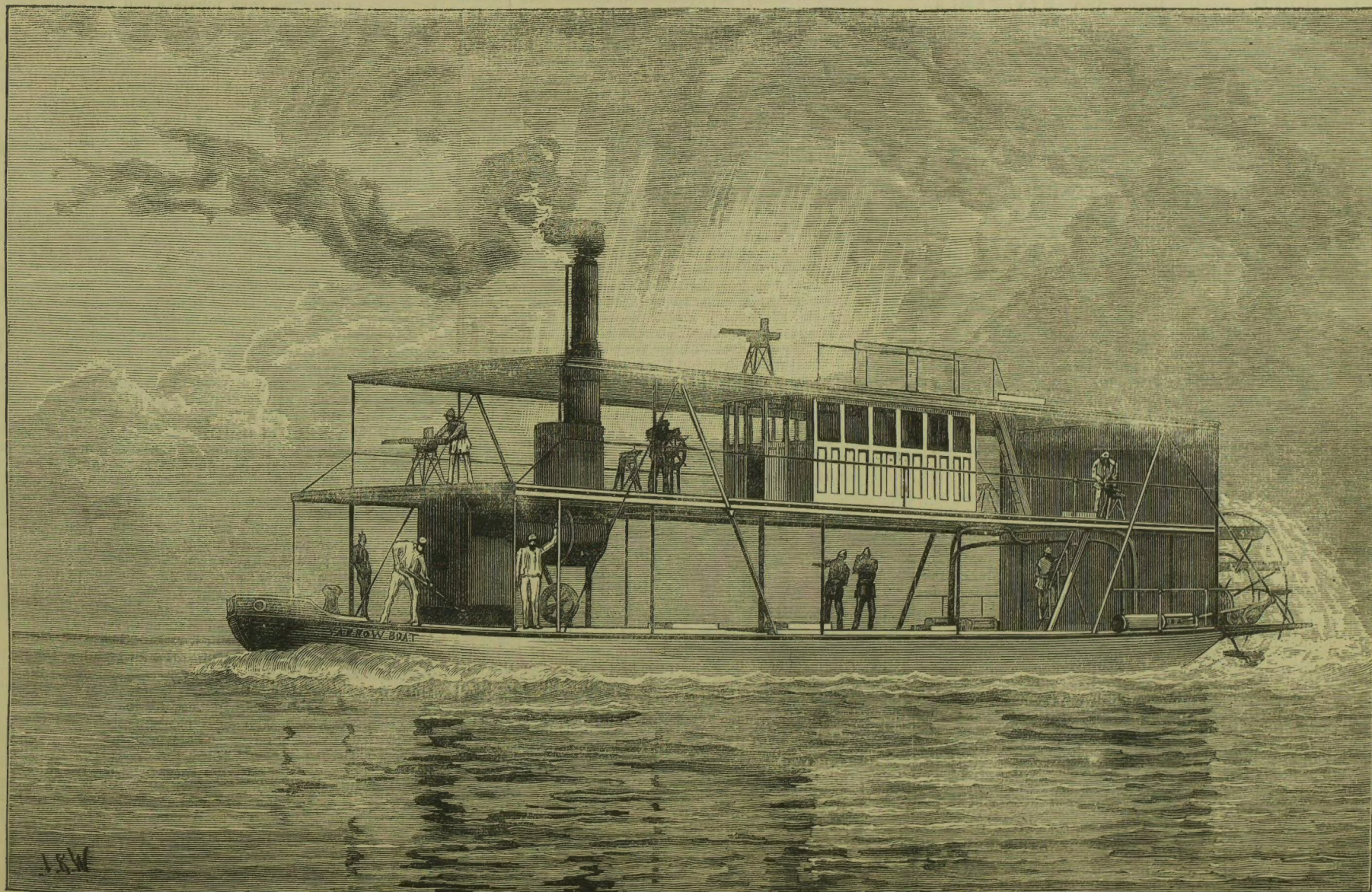
COLONEL SIR CHARLES WILLIAM WILSON, K.C.M.G., C.B.,  
DEPUTY ADJUTANT-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

#### SIR C. W. WILSON, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Colonel Sir Charles William Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, has gone to Egypt, with the appointment of Deputy Adjutant-General, to carry out, under Lord Wolseley, the political arrangements with the tribes with which the Gordon Relief Expedition may have to deal. Sir Charles Wilson entered the service in September, 1855. Early in 1858 he was appointed secretary to the Commission for marking on the ground the boundary between the British and United States possessions in North America, from the Pacific to the Rocky Mountains, and in this task was engaged four years. In 1864 he went to Jerusalem, for the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee, to make a survey of the city, and conducted levelling operations to determine the depression of the Dead Sea. In the following year he returned to Palestine, in charge of the first expedition sent out by the Palestine Exploration Fund. In 1869 he was

appointed Assistant Commissioner under the Borough Boundary Commission. In 1868 he again left for the East in command of the expedition to survey the Peninsula of Sinai. On his return he was appointed Executive Officer in the Topographical Department of the War Office, and as the department enlarged under his direction became successively its Director, and finally Assistant Quartermaster-General in the Intelligence Department. For his services in connection with the formation of this Department, he was made a Companion of the Bath. In 1874 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was President of the Geographical Section of the British Association, which met that year at Belfast. On leaving the Intelligence Department he was given charge of the Survey of Ireland. In 1878 he was appointed Commissioner on the International Commission for the settlement of the Servian Boundary, and was shortly after promoted to the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. In the spring of

1879 he was appointed Consul-General in Anatolia, and in the following year was sent on a special mission to Eastern Roumelia and Macedonia. For his services there and in Asia Minor he was, in 1881, made a Knight of St. Michael and St. George. In 1882 he proceeded to Egypt, to be ready to act as Commissioner with the Turkish troops. At the close of the military operations, he was selected to watch the trial of Arabi and other political prisoners on the part of the British Government, and was afterwards attached to Lord Dufferin's special mission. In June, 1883, the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L. for assistance rendered to archaeological studies in Asia Minor. On returning to England he was again appointed to the survey of Ireland. He has now started on an expedition where his varied experience of Eastern tribes and people will prove most valuable, and which doubtless is personally gratifying to him, as a friend and brother-officer of General Gordon.



STEEL STERN-WHEEL STEAMER FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION.



### BIRTH.

On July 28, at Mozufferpore, Tirhoot, India, the wife of C. F. R. Simpson, Esq., of Chitwarra, of a daughter.  
\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

### SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON	Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
SEAPOUR	Trains also from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
EASTBOURNE	Return Tickets from London available for eight days.
ST. LEONARDS	Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.
HASTINGS	Improved Train Services.
WORTHINGTON	Fullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.
LITTLEHAMPTON	
HOVE	
HAYLING ISLAND	
PORTSMOUTH	
SOUTHSEA	

### SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE	Through Tickets, including all charges.
COWES	The Trains by this route run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also now run to and from the New Pier Head Station at Ryde, thereby enabling passengers to stop on the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
SANDOWN	
SHANKLIN	
VENTNOR	
ROCHINGHAM	
FRESHWATER	
DEMBIDGE	

### SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST, &c.

DIEPPE	Through Tickets from Victoria and London Bridge, via Newhaven and Dieppe or Newhaven and Honfleur.
ROUEN	
FECAMP	
HAVRE	
CAEN	
CHERBOURG	

For full particulars see Time-Books and Tourists' Programmes of the London Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to be had at all stations, and at the West-End General Inquiry Office, 23, Regent-street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square, City Office, Hay's Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and Cook's Tourists' Office, Ludgate-circus; where Tickets may be obtained, as well as at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations.  
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

### GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An

IMPROVED SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.  
TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third-Class) TICKETS are ISSUED, by all Trains.  
Tourist Tickets are also issued from Liverpool-street by the New Route to Scarborough, Filey, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.  
For full particulars see Bills and the Company's Time-Books.  
London, September, 1884. WILLIAM BIER, General Manager.

### DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated conveyance

of the Travellers from London to Brussels, 12 hours; to Cologne, 15 hours; to Berlin, 20 hours; to Vienna, 39 hours; to Milan, via the St. Gothard, 35 hours; and to every great City on the Continent. Also to the East, via Brindisi.  
Single and Return Tickets at VERY REDUCED RATES, and 60lb. of baggage gratis on board of the mails.  
BEES against SEA-SICKNESS. Refreshment and dining rooms. Private Cabins, Stewardesses, &c. Two Services daily, in correspondence with the INTERNATIONAL MAIL, and Express-trains.  
Direct German Carriages, and Sleeping-Cars.  
Agencies at London, 23, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend; at Brussels, Montagne de la Cour, 904; at Cologne, Domhof 12; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c.  
Daily conveyance of ordinary and special parcels.

### ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The

most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route from England to Italy. Excursions to the Rhine, by the Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the St. Gothard Railway. Through-going sleeping-cars from Ostend, balcony carriages, gas-lighted, safety continuous brakes. Tickets at all corresponding railway stations, and at Cook's, Gaze's, and Caygill's Offices.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—(THE GREAT HALL.)**  
HAMILTON'S SOUDAN WAR. THE ENTIRE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN. GORDON'S MISSION. CONCERT COMPANY. MINSTRELS AND BAND. Prices, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Children Half price. Matinees on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 2.30. Plan at Austin's. Shortly Closing, owing to provincial engagements.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.**  
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

**THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'**  
NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the inimitable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT; DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performances at 2.30; for Night at 7.30. Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**  
On THURSDAY NEXT, SEPT. 18,

**THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS**  
will give an  
EXTRA GRAND PERFORMANCE  
on the occasion of their  
TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY AT THE ST. JAMES'S HALL  
in One Uninterrupted Season,  
the longest and most extraordinary upon record.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.**  
LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce.  
EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Play "The Twenty Minutes," called SIX AND EIGHTEEN. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Conway Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No Fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five.

**ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This**  
great work is now ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CIGARETTE Pictures of CHRIST BORN TO THE TOMBS and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 148, New Bond-street. Ten to Six Daily. Admission, 1s.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,**  
completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 85, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

### THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The War Office preparations, both in England and in Egypt or Nubia, for Lord Wolsley's boat expedition up the Nile with a view to relieve General Gordon, are continued with great activity. The first lot of thirty boats constructed in this country specially for the expedition were sent out from Woolwich on Monday, on board the hired transport Pelican, with 1200 tons of commissariat and ordnance stores; and eighty-six boats more have since gone out on board the President Garfield. A large number will be sent from Portsmouth, having been constructed by Messrs. John Read and Son, of that town. The Pelican has taken out, in portions to be fitted together in Egypt, the steel steam-launch, with stern-paddle designed and constructed by Messrs. Yarrow, boat-builders, of Poplar, which is shown in our Illustration, and which is intended to be used for the conveyance of Lord Wolsley and his personal staff. It will be armed with a Nordenfeldt machine-gun at the forward end of the elevated saloon-deck, and another gun on the roof. A chief engineer of the Royal Navy is going out in charge, with competent assistants, and will rebuild the steamer and take her up the Nile as soon as possible. The materials of which the steam-launch is composed will be the first stores landed, and she is to have nine days' start of the other boats, as there are some preliminary surveys to be made before the main advance takes place. Two or three of the ordinary Nile steamers have failed to pass the First and Second Cataracts, as the river had been falling, but its general rise may possibly be expected till the end of September. In addition to the other auxiliaries taken to wait upon the army in this expedition, it is intended to engage some hundreds of the native boatmen on the Nile. The selection of the Canadian boatmen is due to Lord Wolsley's experiences in the Red River, and Mr. H. M. Stanley is credited with the suggestion which has been adopted in the employment of the Kroomen labourers from the West Coast of Africa. Lord Northbrook and Lord Wolsley arrived at Alexandria on Tuesday, and proceeded at once to Cairo. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has gone to accompany the expedition. The Sussex regiment has been sent on from Wady Halfa to Sarra, near Samneh, the starting-point of the boats with the troops.

### THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Major-General Sir Peter Stark Lumsden, K.C.B., C.S.I., whose Portrait appears in our Journal this week, has started for Central Asia to take command of the British expedition for the survey and settlement of the north-western and northern frontiers of Afghanistan. His route, with that of those going from England to join the expedition, is the one crossing the Black Sea and the Caspian, by way of Odessa, Poti, Tiflis, and Baku (there being now a railway connecting the two seas), thence by steam-boat to Reshd, for Teheran, and through Persia to Meshed, near the eastern border of Khorassan. They will be met by a military escort from India, under command of Major Ridgeway, which will have marched from Quetta through Beloochistan to the Helmund, and thence to the Afghan frontier. Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who was in the last Afghan War, has left England to accompany this expedition, and will furnish a series of Sketches of the countries and people, some of them hitherto little known, through which it will have to travel. The actual surveying operations will be conducted by three officers of the Royal Engineers, Major Hill, Captain Gore, and Lieutenant Talbot. Dr. Aitchison will study the natural history and botany, and Mr. Griesbach the geology, of the region to be traversed, which is likely to yield some interesting contributions to scientific knowledge. Oriental archaeology, history, and ethnology may also be expected to gain valuable additions to the existing stores of learning. Sir Peter Lumsden takes for his aide-de-camp Major the Hon. G. C. Napier, a son of Lord Napier of Magdala. He will have the political assistance of Colonel Stewart and Mr. A. Condie Stephen, C.B., of the British embassy at Teheran. With reference to the personal antecedents of this distinguished officer, Sir Peter Lumsden, it may be mentioned that he and his elder brother, afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Lumsden, were officers of the Corps of Guides in 1857, when they were employed in a difficult mission to Afghanistan, at the crisis of the Indian Mutiny, and performed the arduous and perilous service to their great credit. Sir Peter Lumsden, who was then a Lieutenant, has risen to his present rank by constant and active services, principally on the North-West frontier of India. He was Adjutant-General to the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India, General Sir Frederick Paul Haines, during the last Afghan War, and he holds a position on the Bengal Staff. He is a Knight of the Bath and Companion of the Star of India.

### "THE ILLUSTRATED NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE."

The third Number of this new monthly periodical, for September, has made its appearance, published at the office of the *Illustrated London News*. In July, when the first Number was issued, we greeted it with the measure of approbation which it fairly deserved, noticing the different topics of its descriptive, narrative, scientific, and professional writers, amongst whom are men of high authority and great experience in the land and sea services; and presenting, by special permission of its proprietors and editors, a few specimens of the Illustrations, which have considerable artistic merit. The August Number was as good, its frontispiece, a photo-aquatint, being an effective reproduction of the fine picture, "Le Bourget," by the eminent French war-painter, Alphonse de Neuville, whose portrait and a biographical memoir found place in the magazine; there was a portrait also of General Sir Gerald Graham, drawn by Mr. R. C. Woodville. We have equal satisfaction in noticing the September Number, to which our well-known Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who has been in so many African campaigns on the West Coast, in South Africa, in Egypt and the Soudan, contributes a few brisk and lively anecdotes of the Ashantee War of 1874. His sketches of Sir Garnet Wolsley and Commodore Hewett (the present Lord Wolsley, Commander-in-Chief in Egypt, and the present Admiral Sir William Hewett, Commander on the East India Station) were faithful portraits at the time, which was ten years ago, and in the undress of that notable campaign; the figure of one of "Rait's Artillery" is characteristic of the same expedition. We have also transferred to our own page of selections two of Mr. W. H. Overend's views of the rock-fortress of Gibraltar, which is described by Colonel the Hon. Arthur Parnell, R.E., in a very instructive article, with ten Illustrations, including the portrait of the Governor, General Sir John Adye. The student of naval tactics, and of naval architecture, will do well to bestow his serious attention on the series of practical and scientific essays, by Admiral Sir George Elliot and Captain H. Berkeley, treating of the proper ways and means to fight "Our Future Naval Battles." This series of papers is continued by one of Sir G. Elliot's, on "The Gun Attack and Defence in Fleet Actions," and by some additional remarks on "Modern Ships and Appliances," from Captain Berkeley, completing their present deliverance upon those subjects. Sir George Elliot points out that, in ships with belt-armour, the water-line will always be found the most vulnerable part, and will be aimed at by the enemy's gunners at short range firing on the beam. The engine-room compartment, being large, is the most dangerous point to be pierced, as affecting the buoyancy of the ship. The disastrous consequence of such an injury is shown by Mr. Overend's drawing, which furnishes one of the Illustrations we have borrowed, representing a ship of the "Inflexible" type, after having got her armour-plating driven in at that point in the water-line belt, heeling over in great apparent peril of sinking. Sir George Elliot recommends instead of a water-line belt of armour the insertion of an armour-plated deck below the water-line, with cellular watertight compartments in the hull beneath it; he seems, indeed, to be inclined altogether to dispense with side armour. Some lighter reading is presented by Mr. J. S. Winter, in "Army Society—Two Plunges," a little story of the discomfiture of a match-making mamma, to which the scene at the "Afternoon Band" furnishes an Illustration. The Portraits which appear this month comprise those of her Royal Highness Princess Christian (following the Crown Princess of Germany and the Princess of Wales, as Ladies of the Order of the Red Cross); Vice-Admiral Sir William Hewett, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.S.I., and Mr. W. H. Overend, an Artist well known to readers of our own Journal. An engraving drawn by him, "Preparing to Ram," with Turkish seamen lying down on deck in readiness for the impending shock, is reduced from one of our own. The photograph of his latest picture, "Victory," an incident of the old French war, English sailors crowding in the mizen chains, to give three cheers for a boat's crew pulling off to take possession of a captured French ship, makes a capital frontispiece to this Number of the "Naval and Military Magazine."

The directors of the International Health Exhibition have decided to continue the series of ballad and instrumental concerts which have been from time to time held in the Royal Albert Hall, on every Monday and Saturday evening until the end of October. Organ recitals are also given three times daily on the grand organ in the Royal Albert Hall.

### MUSIC.

#### THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The arrangements for the 161st meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester were noticed by us in detail last week, and it only remains now to refer to the opening of the festival. This was preceded by a grand inaugural service on Sunday morning, the musical portions of which included the co-operation of the band and chorus. Special features in this respect were Dr. Bridge's "Hymn to the Creator," Sir F. G. Ouseley's "Te Deum," and "Benedictus" in F; Mendelssohn's sublime psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came"; and Dr. Croft's anthem, "Cry aloud and shout." Dr. Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, conducted the performance of his own composition; Mr. Done having otherwise acted as conductor. Mr. Hugh Blair was the organist. The sermon—appropriate to the occasion—was preached by the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, Canon of Worcester. There was an immense congregation.

Monday morning and evening were appropriated to rehearsals—of the sacred music in the Cathedral, and of the secular programmes in the new Public Hall, where the evening concerts were given.

The festival performances opened in the Cathedral, on Tuesday morning, with M. Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," which was generally well rendered; the exquisite singing of Madame Albani in the principal soprano music, the fine performances of Madame Patey in the solo contralto music, of Mr. E. Lloyd in the important tenor narrations, and of Mr. Santley in the impressive passages associated with the Saviour, having been—as in the first production of the oratorio at Birmingham in 1882, and on subsequent occasions—features of prominent interest. Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Brereton contributed to the efficient rendering of the principal solo vocal music. The first performance of the Oratorio in Worcester was a special event, and drew a very large congregation. Mr. Done (organist of Worcester Cathedral) conducted, and Mr. L. Colborne presided at the organ.

The first of the miscellaneous concerts in the public hall included the production of Mr. C. H. Lloyd's new cantata, "Hero and Leander." The text is written by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, who has supplied a good framework, based on the well-known classical legend. The music comprises pieces for orchestra, chorus, and solo voices, the music for the latter having been assigned to Miss A. Williams (as Hero) and Mr. Santley (as Leander). The composer has successfully availed himself of the opportunities offered for dramatic effects, and has produced a work worthy of his reputation and of the festival for which it was specially written. Of its merits and characteristics we must speak further next week, when noticing the other festival performances. These were of high interest, although devoid of absolute novelty; the only approach thereto having been the production, for the first time here, of Herr Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," a work that was noticed when first given in London. Cherubini's grand Mass in D minor, Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and the first part of his "St. Paul," and "The Messiah" were the other chief features of the sacred programmes; the festival having been supplemented, as it was inaugurated, by a special service in the cathedral yesterday (Friday) evening.

The twenty-eighth meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science is to be held in Birmingham, beginning next Wednesday, and ending on the 24th inst.

The Portrait of Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden is from a photograph by Mr. T. Fall, of Baker-street, Portman-square; and that of Colonel Sir Charles William Wilson is from one by Lafayette, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

Dr. Sedgwick Saunders, the Corporation medical officer, reports that the health of the City of London is remarkably good; and he declares that the City was never cleaner, healthier, or more free from nuisance and legitimate cause of complaint than at present.

During a thunderstorm in Orkney on the 4th inst. Miss Williamina Leask, residing with her mother at Knockhall, near Stromness, was killed by lightning. The lightning struck her on the neck, tearing and burning her clothes, breaking a watch in her pocket, and tearing the boots from her feet.

The Convent and Church of the Order of the Perpetual Adoration, which was built by the late Dowager Lady Herries on an eminence near Dumfries, was consecrated on Monday. It is stated to be the only establishment of the Perpetual Order in Great Britain.

Under the auspices of the D, S, and X Divisions of the Metropolitan Police, the annual fête in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage took place on Monday at Lord's Cricket-ground, St. John's-wood; and, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, there were between two and three thousand persons present.

Notwithstanding inclement weather, the amount collected in the streets for the Hospital Saturday Fund amounted to £1900, and included £184 in gold, £1060 in silver, and £556 in copper, the bronze coin weighing over a ton and a half. The returns from the committees in charge of boxes in the remote districts of the metropolis are not included. The church parade and sermon at Clerkenwell parish church on Sunday in aid of the fund realised £30.

The division lists of the Oxford Local Examinations were issued on Wednesday morning. The total number of candidates examined was 1970—namely, 1332 juniors and 638 seniors. Of these 913 juniors and 416 seniors gained certificates; twenty-five senior boys showing sufficient merit to be excused from responsions, and six of the senior girls exemption from the first examination for women. The highest place in the examination was gained by R. A. Sampson, of the Liverpool Institute; T. A. Lawrenson, from the same establishment, standing second; and R. Johnson, from the King's G. R. School, Warwick, third. In the juniors, T. R. Brighouse, from Kingswood School, Bath, is first; L. B. Radford, from Queen Elizabeth School, Mansfield, second; and F. H. Waddy, Kingswood, Bath, third.

In spite of a pouring wet morning on Monday, the British Archaeologists at Tenby went over to Pembroke by special train to inspect the castle. Having inspected several of the towers, and examined the windows, doorways, and battlements in detail, Mr. Brock, who acted as guide, collected the party into a room over the entrance gateway, where he gave them a short address on the leading features of the architecture and history of the castle. From the castle it was but a short walk to Monckton, where there were to be seen the remains of a Benedictine priory, joined on to the parish church as a chancel. Having lunched at an inn in the town, they returned to Tenby. At the evening meeting, held in the Townhall, Mr. De Gray Birch read a paper on the Successive Charters of Tenby, from the Thirteenth to the Seventeenth Century. The usual votes of thanks were then passed, and the congress broke up, as far as Tenby is concerned; most of the members leaving early on Tuesday for Haverfordwest and St. David's, to examine the cathedral and the old episcopal palace, under the guidance of the Bishop.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The autumnal theatrical season has begun in earnest. While four London theatres have been reopened during the past week, one or two of the managers who have gallantly kept their doors open all the summer are now reaping a golden harvest. Messieurs Gatti have the gratification of knowing that the exceptionally powerful play of "In the Ranks" has proved one of the most prosperous plays that have ever been produced upon the metropolitan stage, and that its powers of attraction have not diminished one jot, albeit the piece has enjoyed an uninterrupted run of close upon three hundred performances at the Adelphi. At the little Strand, the rich humour of Mr. David James as Perkin Middlewick has been displayed to such advantage that the late Mr. Byron's comedy of "Our Boys" has taken a fresh lease of life: Monday last having witnessed the hundredth representation under "Our Boys" new roof-tree. Mr. Thomas Thorne's excellent company of comedians at the Vaudeville, where the extremely diverting farcical play of "Confusion" yet flourishes, will very shortly appear in Mr. H. A. Jones's new piece, "Saints and Sinners." Mr. Edgar Bruce's enterprise at the Prince's Theatre in Coventry-street has been rewarded by the undoubted success of the effective and mysterious drama of "Called Back," which was played for the hundredth time on Tuesday night.

The large audience that filled the Lyceum last Saturday night naturally accorded a most enthusiastic welcome to the handsome American actress who first took the fancy of the town last autumn in the classic but somewhat stilted rôle of Parthenia, in an extremely dreary play. Miss Mary Anderson, who resumed the parts of Galatea and Clarice, in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's clever plays of "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Comedy and Tragedy," has improved since I saw her last in the spring. Her Galatea is endowed with more human sympathy, and her whole performance is more symmetrical. This is the more surprising, as Mr. Terriss hardly equalled Mr. Barnes as Pygmalion. Miss Myra Holme did not please so well as Miss Amy Roselle did in the character of Cynisca; nor did Miss Larkin, invaluable in domestic comedy, shine very brilliantly as the shrewish Daphne. By this time, however, all have probably grown more accustomed to their parts. Miss Anderson, it may be added, triumphantly performed her arduous task as the actress heroine of "Comedy and Tragedy," in which she was supported by Mr. Terriss as D'Aulnoy and by Mr. William Rignold (the warlike Leucippe in the first piece) as the Duc d'Orléans. "Romeo and Juliet" will be the next revival at the Lyceum.

The astute and happily youthful Manager of Drury Lane Theatre secured an attraction both before and behind the curtain for his re-opening night (Thursday), when not only was the stupendously sensational melodrama of "The World" to be revived with all the original effects of the ship blown up at sea, the struggle for life on the raft, the realisation of Westminster Aquarium, and the Charles-Reade-like Mad-House scenes; but Mrs. Weldon had been invited to smile approval from a box, and bold advertisement had been given by Mr. Augustus Harris to the subjoined passage from her letter:—"I looked long ago upon that drama as a most effective ally of my own, and thank you for bringing it out again just at a time when public attention has been drawn to it in such a merciful way by the patience of a Judge and jury. It will be an extra hint to Parliament to see to the Lunacy Laws."

Melodious to a degree, and having the signal merit of a clear story, M. Planquette's operatic version of "Rip Van Winkle" may well have a renewed run at the Comedy, where it has been revived, with Mr. Frederick Leslie in his consummate clever embodiment of the part of Rip; with Mlle. Berthe Latour, a French soprano of power, as Rip's wife and daughter, with Mr. Henry Walsham, the favourite tenor, as Hans, with Mr. Harry Paulton and Miss Coote likewise in the cast, and with the wealth of colour and beauty for which the Comedy is noted.

Lighter musical fare obtains at the Empire and the Gaiety, bright Miss Farren and Company having returned to the latter with the "Camaralzaman" burlesque, and the Empire having reproduced "Robin Hood" for the delectation of the golden youth who affect the resplendent new theatre in Leicester-square.

Mr. Toole's Temple of Farce and Comedy in King William-street, Strand, is worthily occupied by a company headed by those accomplished Past Masters in the art of creating merriment, Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Willie Edouin. Whilst the drily quaint humour of Mr. Brough invests with fresh drollery the part of Bill Booty, a picturesquely ugly Free-booter of the old Victoria type, the overbrimming fun and animal spirits of Mr. Edouin render his share of the action in "Babes; or, W(h)ines from the Wood," similarly strong in mirth-moving power. Mr. Edouin is the Dolly, and in Miss Alice Atherton as Tessa he has a companion "babe" instinct with fun and frolic. The pranks of this well-mated couple in the school-room elicited shouts of laughter; and Miss Atherton's mimicry of the sing-song vocalism of an ungainly schoolgirl was irresistibly mirth-moving. Indeed, this kiss duet which she sang with sprightly and dashing Miss Grace Huntley, one of the most charming young ladies in the troupe, was repeatedly encored. In fact, there is a superabundance of good things in "Babes," which is as rollicking, jovial, and entertaining a burlesque as the town has seen for some time. In addition to the principals already referred to, mention should be made of the amusing acting of Mr. Charles E. Stevens as Sir Rowland, Miss Grace Huntley as Ralph Reckless, Mr. E. Fyfe Scott as the Doctor, and of the piquancy of Miss Edith Vane as Patty Buttre, a pretty dairymaid. The author, Mr. Harry Paulton, was called for to receive a round of applause; but, being at the Comedy, could not appear. Mr. Lionel Brough acquitted himself with accustomed humour, and with a touch of manly feeling to boot, as Ben Bloss, in the new "curtain-lifter" called "Off Duty," a sympathetic and interesting little domestic comedy by Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton. G. A. S.

Mr. Walter Scott, Fellow of Merton College, has been appointed to the Chair of Classics in the University of Sydney, as successor to the late Professor Badham.

The weight of fish delivered at and near Billingsgate Market during August by land and water was 10,704 tons.—The total weight of fish seized during the month of August last by the fishmasters appointed by the Court of the Fishmongers' Company at and near Billingsgate Market and on board boats lying off that place was 100 tons 5 cwt.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has conferred rewards on 79 persons who, in many cases under circumstances of great gallantry, rescued 82 others from drowning. Of the 79 cases, medals have been conferred upon 15 persons, one also receiving the clasp, 46 received testimonials, and 17 pecuniary rewards.—The Mayor of Cambridge on Saturday last publicly presented to Henry William Hardy, the custodian of the Corporation bathing-shed, the certificate of the Royal Humane Society for saving life from drowning, and mentioned that during the past five years he had saved ten lives.

## THE MAGAZINES.

The ingredients of the *Cornhill* are but slight this month, though "The Curate of Churnside" would be a very tremendous story if it were credible. The curate's villainy, however, is greatly overdone; and even granting the possibility of the character, all consistency would be destroyed by his ultimate remorse and suicide. The credulity of the antiquary in Mr. Payn's "Talk of the Town" will, we fear, seem equally incredible to readers who may not be aware that the story is strictly historical. It might have been better to select a less exceptional situation. There is nothing else of note except a useful paper on dynamite.

The *English Illustrated*, too, is scarcely up to its usual mark, though "Friede" is a pretty story; and everybody is to be congratulated upon the termination of "The Armourer's Prentices." Mr. Ainger's essay on "The Women of Chaucer" is elegant and discriminating, and further remarkable for the illustrations by Mr. H. Ryland; as Mr. Lang's history of cricket is for the many charming and quaint engravings after old pictures illustrating the development of the game. The splendid frieze representing a Bacchanal procession, by Etienne Delaune, also deserves particular attention.

*Macmillan* is noteworthy for an admirable lecture by Canon Creighton on the political and social history of the Northumbrian Border; and for a tale of kidnapping in Mexico, founded upon fact. Mr. Traill's imaginary conversation between Wilkes and Sandwich is uninteresting for its apparent aimlessness, until, just at the end, we detect the application to Mr. Bradlaugh's case. Mr. Morley's review of the month is marked by that morbid distrust in the future of his own country which spoils him for a politician. The writer of an essay on "The Decay of Genius" assumes the fact, and thinks that competitive examination may have something to do with it. To us it seems doubtful whether there is any foundation for the complaint, except as regards poetical and imaginative genius, which is always intermittent.

"The Waters of Hercules," in *Blackwood*, continues to evince the author's power of describing the scenery of Eastern Europe; and the scene of the antiquarians in the vault displays not only graphic power, but humour. "Fiddlers Three" is pretty; "Three Young Novelists"—Messrs. Crawford, Anstey, and Conway—are not unfairly criticised; but the most valuable contribution to the number is the account of the inexhaustible petroleum wells of Baku, which owe their marvellous development to two young Swedes.

*Longman's Magazine* continues "Jack's Courtship" and "Madam," and concludes Bret Harte's "Blue Grass Penelope"—one of his best stories. Mr. Henry James discourses on "The Art of Fiction," which seems difficult to teach.

The various papers in the *Fortnightly Review*, on the controversy between Lords and Commons, have been rightly deemed of sufficient importance to be fully discussed by the political press. The only other political contributions, by Mr. Grenville and Mr. Macherness, relate to the affairs of South Africa, and most cunningly exemplify the mischief wrought by that palsy of modern public life, the reluctance of Ministers to assume responsibility. Lord Cochrane's paper on Chili gives a satisfactory account of the country in general, and mentions particularly the recent development of the growth of the vine, which promises shortly to bring Chili into competition with France in the European market. "Diana of the Crossways" pursues her brilliant and eccentric course; and Mr. Ernest Myers's "Rhodes" is excellent verse, though hardly poetry.

Among several interesting articles in the *Nineteenth Century* perhaps the best are Mr. Romanes's clear exposition of the Darwinian theory of instinct; Lord Lynton's appeal to the House of Lords to avail themselves of the present opportunity of rendering their Chamber more truly representative of the best elements of the nation; and the Marquis Nobili-Vitelleschi's sketch of the leading moral characteristics of the Italian people, and the effect of the national unity in obliterating provincial peculiarities. With every allowance for the *ex-parte* character of Dr. Cameron's statement of the case of the Highland cottiers, few will read his article without being convinced of the necessity for interference. Miss Lambert concludes her interesting paper on leprosy; and Mr. F. B. Johnson points out the great importance of the Straits settlements to English commerce in the East.

The *Contemporary Review* offers a special *bonne bouche* to its readers in the shape of a review, by no less a person than Shelley, of a novel by Thomas Jefferson Hogg, both review and novel having been equally unknown until recently discovered by Professor Dowden. The novel, entitled "Alexy Haimatoff," is a much more high-flown and romantic production than could have been expected from Hogg; and Shelley's notice, which appeared in the *Critical Review* for December, 1814, is in a corresponding key. There are excellent critical articles on the "Purgatory" of Dante by Dean Plumptre, and Sea Stories by Mr. W. Clark Russell. The Bishop of Carlisle's essay on apparitions has little connection with that subject, but has many interesting facts and speculations on mental impressions communicated from a distance. Mr. Goldwin Smith writes a few weighty words on the Franchise and the Lords; and Mr. Haweis contributes some interesting particulars of an individual peer, the late Duke of Wellington.

The *National Review* has a spirited argument in favour of protection to British manufactures, by Mr. W. J. Harris; a sketch of Sir Bartle Frere's government of Sind, by Sir F. J. Goldsmid; a narrative of the Bristol riots of 1831, whose authority is much impaired by its evidently partisan character; and a high and just estimate of the younger Pitt as an orator, by Mr. C. F. Keary.

The *Century* has a valuable analysis of the number of the foreign-born population of the United States, which abounds with curious suggestions. The Irish remain in the east, the Germans and Scandinavians go west, tendencies which must in time produce very important consequences. The "New Astronomy" shows the immense progress of solar physics in late years, and is beautifully illustrated; as are "From Coventry to Chester on a Bicycle," and "On the Track of Ulysses." There is a fine portrait of Littré: the accompanying memoir is inadequate. The *Atlantic Monthly* has a finely written and valuable narrative of Wolfe's great victory, by Francis Parkman, and some very curious observations on the habits of ants, by Miss Mary Treat. The readers of *Harper* will turn to a sketch of the late Charles Reade by Robert Buchanan, and will not be disappointed. "A Run Ashore at Queenstown" and "Wheat-Fields of the Columbia" are interesting in subject, and well illustrated. A new story in *Manhattan*, "Colonel Judson of Alabama," displays much humour, and Mr. P. B. Marston's "Wind Gardens" is a pretty poem.

"In Greek Waters," "What Dreams are Made of," and "War and Christianity" are all acceptable contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; but "Philistia" continues the chief attraction. The self-conceit of the young men who assail existing institutions, without an idea that their defenders may have a right to an opinion, is very amusingly hit off.

Mr. Reade's posthumous novel, "A Perilous Secret," is

commenced in *Temple Bar*, and promises to prove a good average specimen of his manner. The second instalment of Mr. Coleman's reminiscences of the writer contains little of special interest in the way of anecdote, but many instances of Mr. Reade's charity and generosity. "The Red Manor," understood to be by a daughter of Lord Lytton, might pass very well for an early work of her grandfather's. A light sketch of Bernal Osborne teems with anecdote; and there is much good sense in the smart satire of "Phases of the Day." The best thing in *Belgravia* is "Abdoola," an affecting tale of the ill-requited devotion of an Oriental domestic.

We have also to acknowledge—London Society, Good Words, All the Year Round, The Antiquarian Magazine, St. Nicholas, Aunt Judy's Magazine, The Month, The Red Dragon, Merry England, Theatre, Illustrated Science Monthly, the Army and Navy Magazine, and The United Service Magazine, which contains an important article on the training of naval officers.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

The prospects of a successful Doncaster Meeting were not very promising on Monday last, as rain was falling heavily all over the country. Fortunately, it ceased early on Tuesday morning, and, though the course was a trifle heavy in places, no fault could be reasonably found with the "going." There was the usual attendance on the town moor in the early morning to witness the gallops of the St. Leger horses, and, whilst opinions were divided as to Scot Free, The Lambkin gained hosts of new friends by the resolute style in which he covered the entire course. The card was headed, as usual, by the Fitzwilliam Stakes, in which few people expected to see Modred beat Toastmaster so decisively at 7 lb., so the bookmakers began the week in very promising style. The Filly Stakes proved to be the good thing it looked for Merry Duchess; and then came the Great Yorkshire Handicap, for which there were only four runners, about the smallest field that has ever turned out for it. The race was a curious one, as Lawmister (8 st. 6 lb.) was at one time quite a hundred yards behind the rest, and looked hopelessly out of it. He is, however, a capital stayer, and, as the others tired, they came back to him, and Osborne had never to really call upon him to beat Hauteur (7 st.) by half a length. The antagonism of St. Helena and Royal Hampton in the Champagne Stakes excited very great interest, and, though the race was generally regarded as a match between the pair, there were half a dozen other runners. St. Helena, who possessed an unbeaten certificate, looked somewhat light and jaded, and was actually the first beaten; but Royal Hampton made a bold bid for victory, and it was mainly owing to Archer's brilliant finish that Langwell struggled home a neck in front of him. The last-named, who is a son of Springfield and Furiosa, came out at Ascot with an immense private reputation, but, until gaining the victory we have just recorded, he had done little or nothing to justify it. The remaining races of a heavy card were of trifling interest.

As soon as the betting opened on Wednesday there was a decided tendency to oppose Scot Free, and Sir Reuben also declined, in consequence of the advance of Superba and Harvester. Two or three unexpected starters cropped up, and the runners numbered thirteen. There was a delay of fully ten minutes at the post before the flag fell to a good start. Cambusmore and Superba soon drew to the front, the pair going on side by side in front of Sandiway, Hermitage, Somerton, and Sir Reuben, with Harvester, Corneille, and The Lambkin next, the lot being whipped in by Doncaster Cup. Little alteration in the above order took place for a quarter of a mile, and then Hermitage took up the running and carried it on, with Harvester, Superba, and Sir Reuben in immediate attendance. As they commenced to go up the hill Somerton took second place to Hermitage, the pair being followed by Corneille, in close company with the latter being The Lambkin, Superba, Harvester, and Sir Reuben, with Scot Free, Cambusmore, and Sandiway next. In this order they went over the hill and out of sight, but on reappearing from the dip Hermitage was joined by Corneille and Somerton, the other positions being unchanged to the Rifle Butts, passing which Corneille assumed the command, followed by Somerton, Hermitage, The Lambkin, and Sir Reuben, in the order named, these being separated by a wide gap from Queen Adelaide, Harvester, Scot Free, and Sandiway, with Doncaster Cup a long way in the rear. Somerton and Corneille continued showing the way to the half-mile post, where Somerton dropped back, and the retirement of Lord Ellesmere's colt was quickly followed by Corneille, and Hermitage was left at the head of affairs, with The Lambkin and Sir Reuben next, Superba, Scot Free, Cambusmore, and Sandiway being the only others at all prominent. As soon as they began to make the final bend Hermitage had to give way, and The Lambkin, taking the lead, went on in front of Sir Reuben, Sandiway, and Superba, these being the only ones now left with any chance. Sir Reuben was beaten below the distance, and Sandiway took second place; but all efforts to overhaul Lambkin were unavailing, and she was beaten easily by a length; Superba was third, three quarters of a length away; with Sir Reuben fourth, Queen Adelaide fifth, Hermitage sixth, Cambusmore seventh, Harvester eighth, Scot Free ninth, Royal Fern tenth, Corneille next, and Somerton last, except Doncaster Cup, who walked in with the crowd. The favourite was the great disappointment of the race: and it is evident either that he has been overdone in his training, or is unable to stay more than a mile. Harvester, too, cut up very badly; and, on her previous form, Sandiway had no pretensions to beat Superba, or, indeed, several others in the field.

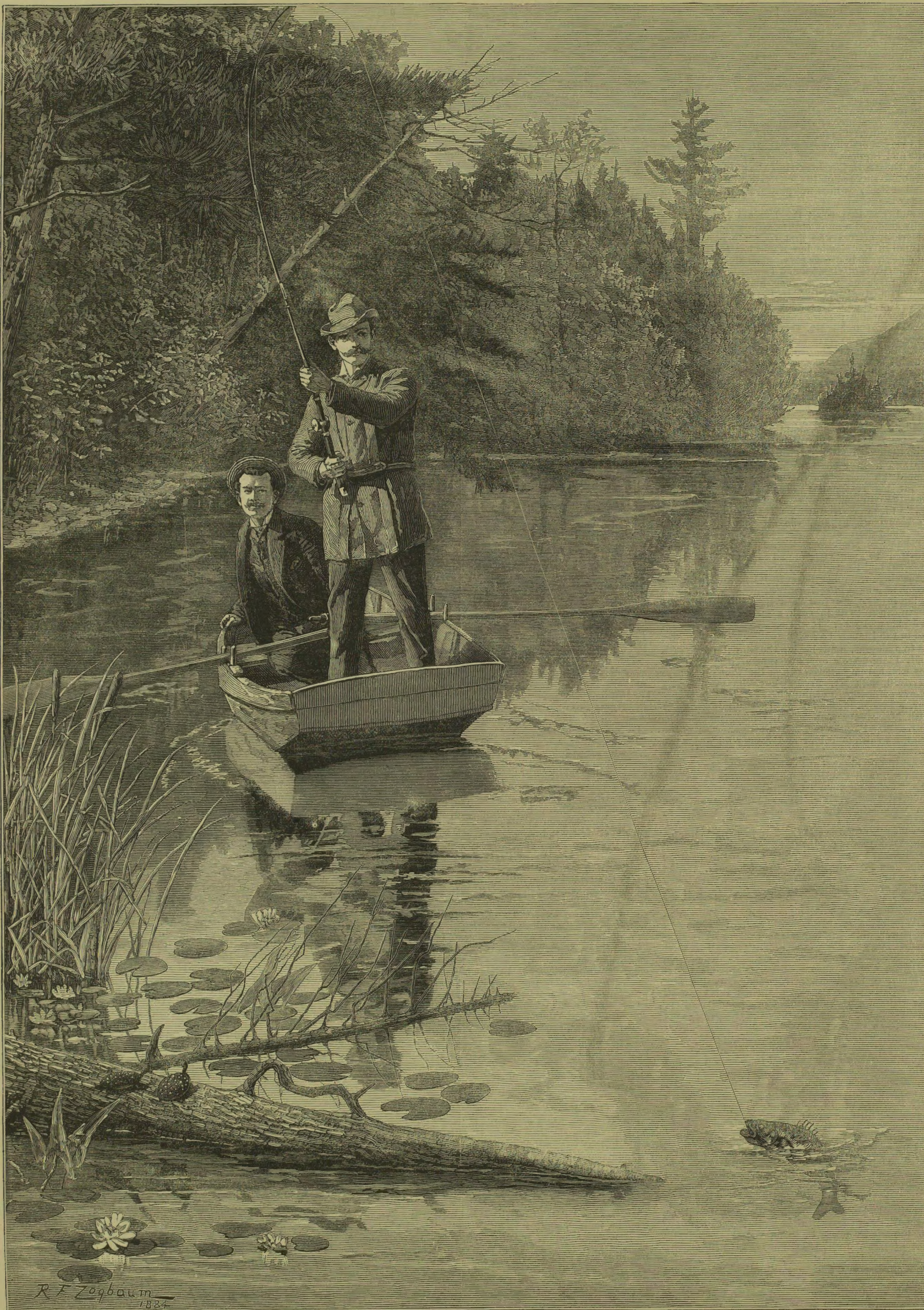
As is usual at Doncaster, the sales of blood stock during the week were remarkably heavy; but little was done on Tuesday, when none of the best lots were sent into the ring. Everyone was glad to note that Lord Falmouth purchased the brood mare Daraway, one of his own breeding, for 1000 guineas, which looks as though his Lordship could not make up his mind to give up all connection with the turf. Duchess of Richmond, an own sister to Richmond, made 480 guineas, but otherwise prices ruled very low, and the majority of the lots offered did not change hands.

Lady Augusta Mostyn on the 4th inst. laid the corner-stones of a Cottage Hospital which is in course of erection at Llandudno, as a public memorial to the late Mrs. Nicol. The Bishop of Bangor delivered the address.

The Eddystone Lighthouse, erected by Smeaton, has been rebuilt by local subscriptions on Plymouth Hoe. It will be dedicated as a navigating beacon by the brethren of Trinity House on the 24th inst.

The Great Western Railway Company opened a new station on Monday morning at Slough Junction. The structure includes four very long platforms, and the usual waiting-rooms, lavatories, and refreshment-rooms. New relief lines between Slough and Maidenhead were also utilised, thus adding six miles of auxiliary railway to the home district of the company, the cost of which, together with the new station accommodation, is estimated at £70,000.





BLACK BASS FISHING IN THE LAKES OF THE ADIRONDACKS, STATE OF NEW YORK.





IN A KENTISH HOP-GARDEN.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 9.

The newest phenomenon in Paris is a violent outbreak of Anglophobia. Some hare-brained journalist has started the cry of "Sus aux Anglais;" others have taken it up, and imagined wonderful Austro-German-Russo-French combinations for remaking the map of Europe and crushing the hypocritical and selfish English. A new weekly, called *L'Anti-Anglais*, has been started for the purpose of fomenting a commercial and then a maritime war against John Bull, and then, finally, of invading England and "inflicting on the English in their very brigand-dens the chastisement for the crimes which they have committed with impunity during so many centuries." Even the serious Paris newspapers are full of articles, as silly as they are virulent, against England.

Paris has been absolutely uninteresting during the past week. People are beginning to return from the seaside; some stay in Paris, others simply pass through on their way to country houses: it is a season of arrivals and departures. The Chinese war has lost the charm of novelty; the cry of "Sus aux Anglais" can hardly be made a topic of conversation. In short, Paris is absolutely dull; so dull that the journalists, in order to fill up their space, have to write about Swedenborg, and give analyses of his mystic doctrines. The pretext for this eccentric conduct is the approaching opening of a Swedenborgian church in the Rue Thoin in the Latin quarter. This church, which will be called "The New Jerusalem," has been built, at the expense of a rich Parisian Swedenborgian, for the benefit of the few score mystics who practise the same cult as himself.

The Pantheon has been the rendezvous of artistic Parisians of late, the attraction being the mosaic in the apsis of the church, which has at length been completed, after many years of work. The mosaic is the first important work of the new national school of mosaic annexed to the Sèvres porcelain manufactory, and under the direction of MM. Hébert, Guillaume, Lenepveu, and Charles Garnier. The subject, by Hébert, represents Christ standing; Jeanne d'Arc and Saint Geneviève are kneeling before him; the Virgin Mary is standing beside him, and Christ is showing the future destinies of France to her military and resolute guardian angel. These destinies of France will form the subject of frescoes around the walls of the church, two of which are already completed—namely, Cabanel's Life of Saint Louis and Puvis de Chavannes' Life of Saint Geneviève. The new mosaic occupies a space of about one hundred metres square. With the exception of certain colours which appear rather crude and glaring, the mosaic is a remarkable and perfectly successful piece of work.

The Minister of Agriculture has drawn up a bill imposing a heavy tax on foreign cattle imported into France, the object being to encourage pasture-farming in France instead of crop-growing, which is becoming more and more difficult on account of the scarcity of labour.—A deputy, M. Plessier, has proposed to a Parliamentary Commission to authorise the destruction of game by all possible means. The idea is that the ravages of game help to ruin the French farmers.—The candidates for the three seats now vacant at the Academy are for that of M. d'Haussonville, M. Bocher, the Orleanist senator; for that of M. Mignet, M. Victor Duruy, historian and former Minister; and for that of M. Dumas, M. Bertrand, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences.—Emile Zola's new novel will be called "Germinal." It will be the story of a miners' strike and a study of the struggle between labour and capital. T. C.

The cholera, which is decreasing in France, is becoming more serious in Italy, especially in Naples. The King has sent 10,000*l.* for the relief of the sufferers from the cholera epidemic at Spezia. His Majesty, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Aosta, arrived in Naples on Monday afternoon, and was enthusiastically received. The King visited the Conocchia Hospital, accompanied by the Duke of Aosta, the Ministers Depretis and Mancini, and the Prefect, Syndic, and Deputies of Naples. His Majesty afterwards went to the Christalline Hospital, and on leaving handed to the authorities a large sum of money for the relief of the sufferers, as he also did at the Conocchia. He declined to use any disinfectants while passing through the wards.—The executive committee of the Italian National Exhibition has decided upon awarding fifty diplomas of honour; 200 gold, 1000 silver, and 3000 bronze medals, besides over 4000 honourable mentions.

About one hundred persons were wounded in rioting at Brussels, which arose out of clerical demonstrations on Sunday. There was also great agitation at Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and other cities, where the Clericals arriving from Brussels were hissed and ill-treated.

The Emperor William on the 5th inst. received the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles on their return from the Silesian manoeuvres near Navitsch. Subsequently the two Princes paid a visit to the Empress.

The Austrian military manoeuvres began on the 4th inst., in the presence of the Emperor, two entire army corps being engaged in the evolutions.—For the purpose of promoting Austrian commerce, it is stated that the Austrian Government has resolved to send four or five war-vessels on voyages round the world. The first ship to be engaged in this novel work is the *Saida*, and her first mission is to ascertain the commercial capabilities of the ports of Australia.

The final meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Copenhagen was held last Saturday. After addresses from Mr. Clemence, of London, and Dr. Kalkar, of this city, speeches were delivered by Mr. Anderson, England; Count Bernstorff, Germany; and M. Monod, France, expressing their thanks for the kindness and sympathy with which they and their fellow-subjects had been received in Copenhagen.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia reached Warsaw on Monday morning. Their first public act was to attend a "Te Deum" in the Greek Church, and thence they proceeded to the Catholic Cathedral, where their Majesties kissed the crucifix. Subsequently, the Emperor and Empress, with the Grand-Duke George, were present at a review of 50,000 troops in the Mokotoff Plain, near Warsaw. In the evening Warsaw was illuminated. Their Majesties held an official reception on Tuesday at the Lazienki Palace. In the afternoon they visited the Marie Institute for Children. A number of arrests have been made of persons supposed to be Nihilists; the shops along the routes taken by the Czar are closed by order half an hour before his arrival; and no unauthorised person is allowed to approach within three hundred paces of the Emperor.—It is stated that the Emperors of Germany and Austria are to meet the Czar shortly.

At the closing meeting, on Wednesday week, of the British Association at Montreal, Lord Rayleigh said that at no previous meeting had the association been provided with such spacious rooms. It was resolved to erect a free public library in Montreal as a memorial of the visit, and a large amount was at once promised, including one donation of £10,000. A large party of the members went to see Niagara; a party of the members visited Toronto, where an address was presented to them, and they were taken to see the various objects of interest. Other parties started for the Rocky Mountains;

and many attended the meeting of the American Association in Philadelphia. The meeting has been a social and political as well as a scientific success.

The annual session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was opened at Philadelphia on the 4th inst. Professor J. P. Lesley, the new president, took the chair, and introduced Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, who welcomed the delegates. Major Smith, of Philadelphia, also made a brief speech of welcome. President Lesley responded, and the work of the different sections then began. About 300 British and Canadian members of the British Association arrived at Philadelphia on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, last week, from Montreal, to attend the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, now going on. A local hospitality committee received them at the railway stations, providing homes for them with citizens or in hotels. They were formally welcomed to Philadelphia at a large meeting at the Academy of Music on Friday night. The British guests were given excursions last Saturday to the Atlantic seacoast resorts near Philadelphia; also by the Pennsylvania Railroad to Cresson, at the summit of the Alleghany Mountains; also by the Reading Railroad through the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. A reception was given on Monday to the British Association members in Philadelphia and the members of the American Association by the University of Pennsylvania.—The funeral of Mr. Folger, the late Secretary to the Treasury, at Geneva, New York, on Tuesday, was attended by President Arthur and several Cabinet Ministers.

A telegram from Durban announces that Mr. Piet Joubert has accepted the Presidency of the new Boer Republic in Zululand.—The Portuguese have regained their positions at Mopea, on the Zambesi, from which they were recently driven by the insurgent natives.

According to a telegram from Cape Town, the German Government has annexed the belt of coast in South-West Africa from 18 deg. to 26 deg. south latitude—that is to say, from Angra Pequena, northwards—with the exception of Walvisch Bay, which is English.

Intelligence received from Bonny, on the West Coast of Africa, dated the 14th ult., states that Consul Hewitt has hoisted the English Flag at Warree, a town on the river Forcados, and on the banks of two other rivers, the Escardos and the Ramos. It is stated that the territories thus placed under British control are valuable oil-producing countries, with a large population.

Of the seven Australian colonies five have adopted an address in favour of federation. These are Victoria, Tasmania, Queensland, Western Australia, and South Australia.—The Government of New South Wales has issued a proclamation prohibiting the importation of dynamite and nitro-glycerine compounds for a period of six months from the 2nd inst.—The ship *Lastingham*, bound from London to New Zealand, has been wrecked off Jackson's Head. The captain and his wife, with four passengers and ten of the crew, were drowned.

A new Ministry has been formed in New Zealand, with the Hon. R. Stout as Premier, and Sir Julius Vogel as Colonial Treasurer and Postmaster-General.

The Indian Government has proposed a grant of five lakhs of rupees in aid of the British Colonial Exhibition to be held at South Kensington in 1886.

Her Majesty's gun-boat *Zephyr* was proceeding up the Min River on the 6th inst., when, under a misapprehension, she was fired upon by the Chinese forts, and one officer and one man were wounded. The Chinese authorities, on discovering their mistake, offered an apology and reparation. The houses of the foreign residents at the Pagoda anchorage, Foochow, have been pillaged by Chinese soldiers, irrespective of the nationality of the foreigners.

The Japanese Chargé-d'Affaires officially contradicts the report that his Government had entered on fresh negotiations with China about the sovereignty of the Loochoo Islands.

## AMERICAN LAKE FISHING.

Visitors to the International Fisheries Exhibition last year will perhaps remember the vast and various collection of specimens, models, plaster casts, pictures, and samples of fishing apparatus and fish products, contributed by the Government of the United States. The North American lakes, as well as the sea on the coasts of the Western Continent, and its mighty rivers, contain a great abundance of fish, including some kinds which might profitably be introduced into the inland fresh waters of Europe, more especially of the British Islands. One of these is the "black bass," which should not be confounded by readers innocent of ichthyology with the sea-fish called "the bass," common enough on our own shores. It is esteemed by American anglers more highly than trout, but thrives better in ponds and lakes than in streams. The beautiful lake and mountain district of the Adirondacks, west of Lake Champlain, in the northern part of the State of New York, is much frequented by summer tourists and sportsmen; and here is the scene of black bass-fishing from a boat, which is represented in our Illustration. The Marquis of Exeter, some years ago, imported a few hundreds of fish of this species, which he placed in the White Water pond in Burghley Park, Stamford, and which have thriven very well. No fish take greater care of their eggs and infant small fry, concerning which some interesting anecdotes are told by Mr. R. B. Marston, in one of the prize essays written for the late Exhibition. He further remarks that "the black bass rises freely to the fly, and will also take baits of every description, and, when hooked, affords superlative sport. It is as free from bones as the trout; the flesh is firm, white, crisp, and delicious, with curd between the flakes." It is, however, a fish of prey, and should not be admitted where other fish are to be preserved.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. Edgar McCulloch as Bailiff of Guernsey, in the place of the late Mr. John De Havilland Utermarck. The appointment includes that of President of States of the Island.

Great success has attended this season's fishing of the Dundee whaling fleet in Davis Straits. The nine ships had, up to August, killed seventy-seven whales, yielding 840 tons of oil and forty tons of whalebone, the value being £114,000.

A new volcanic island has appeared about eight miles off the south-west point of Iceland. No one has yet approached it in an open boat; but the lighthouse-keeper, who first observed it, has noticed that one side of the cone appears to have fallen into the sea.

At a meeting of the Scottish Corporation on the 4th inst., Sir J. Heron Maxwell in the chair, fifteen vacancies were announced and fifteen candidates, eleven boys and four girls, were selected and admitted to the benefits of the Royal Caledonian Asylum. It was reported that £1000 had been received and invested, through Messrs. Coutts and Co., in New Two-and-a-Half per Cent Stock towards the maintenance of the institution. Several donations have been forwarded from the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Rosebery, and others.

## CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 10.

Stock Exchange business gives no signs of improving, transactions during the week having been on a most limited scale. At the same time, however, the general tone of the markets has not been unsatisfactory, the movements in the leading securities having been generally upward. Consols have risen slightly; while the demand for other first-class investment stocks has continued, with the result of a further advance in Colonial Government loans and Home and Colonial Corporation bonds, English Railway preference and debenture stocks, and Gas and Water issues. Home Railway ordinary stocks have also been firmer, though it must be confessed that neither the traffic statements nor trade reports have been encouraging. American lines have been subjected to less than their usual fluctuations, and on balance the changes are moderate and irregular. Canadian and Mexican descriptions have had an advance, the latter on traffic considerations.

The directors of the Caledonian Railway Company have decided to recommend a dividend for the half-year at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, leaving about £9000 to be carried to the current accounts. This announcement has given considerable satisfaction, the rate of distribution, in spite of a decrease of £27,000 shown in the half year's traffic returns, being the same as for the corresponding period of 1883, while the surplus remaining is hardly £.000 less than this time last year, when £11,768 was carried forward. It should, however, be stated that the compensation charges for the half year under review are considerably lighter than during the six months ended July last year, when the Penilee and other claims had to be deducted from revenue.

The Australian Banks in which this market is concerned make a good show for the half year now being reported upon. The Australian Joint-Stock Bank is to pay 12½ per cent per annum; the Bank of Australasia, 14 per cent per annum; the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, 25 per cent per annum; the Mercantile Bank of Sydney, 9 per cent per annum; and the Queensland National Bank, 15 per cent per annum. All these rates are, with one exception, the same as those paid last year. The exception is the Queensland National Bank, whose rate of 15 per cent per annum compares with 12 last year. In addition to these generally very high rates, large amounts are placed to reserve and carried forward.

But at home, Banking profits are affected by the low value of money, and the Bank of England, whose half year closed last week, is not likely to pay more than 9½ per cent per annum, as compared with 10 last year. T. S.

## THE FRANCHISE AGITATION.

Scotland is still the centre of political life, the abode not only of her Majesty, but also of the Prime Minister, who, having considerably paved the way in Midlothian for what we trust may yet prove a satisfactory arrangement of the difference between the Lords and the Commons, repaired further north to receive fresh homage in the shape of enthusiastic greetings at every station on the line of route from Dalmeny Park to Invercauld. Mr. Gladstone on Monday enjoyed the hospitality of the Queen at Balmoral; and the Premier has since been the guest of the Earl of Fife at New Mar Lodge. Albeit the right hon. gentleman is now enabled to indulge in a period of comparative rest, it is on the cards the good work of reconciliation is progressing.

Saturday has of late become a day of political demonstrations. While the fifth Conservative meeting in the south of England in support of the House of Lords was being held on Saturday last at the Sussex seat of the Earl of Egmont, Cowdray Park, Midhurst, the Liberals were marshalling vast popular gatherings in Glasgow, in Carlisle, and in Swansea. Steadfast advocate of the County Franchise when the question was not taken up by the leaders on either side, Mr. Trevelyan was the very man to move to enthusiasm the large assemblage of Scotsmen who, after the impressive procession through Glasgow, filled St. Andrew's Hall, and lustily indorsed the action of the Government. With similar heartiness were the Liberal sentiments of Mr. Dillwyn at Swansea and of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. John Morley at Carlisle cheered the same day. Against these considerable meetings the Conservatives had to set the aforesaid Saturday afternoon gathering at Cowdray Park; another at the seat of Mr. C. R. B. Legh, near Macclesfield; and a much larger assemblage at the Earl of Zetland's seat near Redcar, where the temerity of the Ministry in proposing a County Franchise measure, unaccompanied by Redistribution, was denounced with great animation.

Sir Richard Cross had so much to be thankful to the late Conservative Leader for that only common gratitude was shown by the ex-Home Secretary on Tuesday in lauding the political virtues of Lord Beaconsfield, in unveiling a statue of his Lordship at Ormskirk; but Sir Richard Cross obviously forgot for the moment the proverbial odiousness of comparisons when he strove to exalt his deceased chief at the expense of the present Prime Minister.

## IN A KENTISH HOP-GARDEN.

Some daily papers in September are wont, year after year, to bestow descriptive reports on the habits and behaviour of the multitude of hop-pickers, men and women, boys and girls, of the London labouring classes who go down into Kent and Sussex for this sort of temporary employment. It is certainly desirable that the local arrangements for the proper reception and accommodation of these crowds of strangers in a rustic neighbourhood should be under careful regulation; and the activity of county magistrates, guardians and overseers of the poor, and parish clergy, who are entitled to claim the assistance of the gentry, of landowners, farmers, and all other respectable inhabitants, may be commendably exerted to prevent any gross disorders. Better organisation of the hop-picking campaign, with reference to lodging, feeding, and the requirements of personal decency and comfort, will be observed to have good results in the ordinary condition of the parish or district, and will reflect much credit upon those who have made an effort to improve the state of things upon this occasion. But the subject of our Illustration is altogether of a wholesome and agreeable character; being the appearance of a hard-working good mother, busied amongst the hop-bines, with her infant in a rude kind of "perambulator," or baby-cart, safely kept under the maternal eye. We hope that the fresh country air, with the salubrious nature of the hop-plant, will be good both for mother and child, while the earning of some extra shillings will help to supply the household needs at home.

A whale, measuring nearly 33 ft. long, got through the rock gates into Goole Docks on Friday last, where it was speedily captured.

Mr. Lloyd, chief warder in charge of the civil prisoners at Chester Castle, has been appointed Governor of Huntingdon Prison.





ORDERED OFF.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK ROLL, R.A.



## THE COURT.

Her Majesty is enjoying herself in the Highlands. Yesterday week the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out; and in the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Victoria of Prussia, visited the Duchess of Edinburgh at Birkhall. On Saturday last the Queen drove out with the Dowager Marchioness of Ely. The Duchess of Edinburgh visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. In the afternoon her Majesty, attended by Lady Ely, drove to the Glassalt Shiel, to meet the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Victoria of Prussia, who, with their suite, Baroness Gersdorff and Count Seckendorff, had ascended Lochmagar in the morning by the valley of the Gelder, and returned by the Glassalt. Divine service was conducted on Sunday at the castle by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, Minister of Crathie, in the presence of the Queen, the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, Princess Victoria of Prussia, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Monday morning the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Victoria, Louise, and Maud of Wales, drove through Braemar and crossed the Dee and the Victoria Bridge to the Falls of Quoich, extending their drive to Lord Fife's Derry Lodge. In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, also drove through Braemar. Her Majesty, who was in deep mourning, but looked in good health, smilingly acknowledged the greetings of the visitors along the road. Mr. Gladstone, with Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, drove from Invercauld to Balmoral and lunched with the Queen. The Premier stayed to dine with her Majesty, and spent the night at Balmoral, dining again with the Queen on Tuesday.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert and Victor and Prince George, were out deerstalking in the forests around Abergeldie and Birkhall on Thursday and Friday last week, and enjoyed excellent sport. Each of the young Princes killed a couple of stags on Thursday, and on Friday two more fell to their guns. The annual Braemar Gathering of the Clans took place yesterday week. The Prince and Princess, and other members of the Royal family, witnessed the games. The Crown Princess and Princess Victoria, attended by Baroness Gersdorff and Count Seckendorff, dined with the Prince and Princess. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, arrived at Marlborough House on Sunday morning from Abergeldie Castle. Their Royal Highnesses were present at Divine service. Prince George left Marlborough House on Monday for Greenwich, to pursue his studies at the Royal Naval College. The Prince accompanied his Royal Highness to the college, and returned to London in the afternoon. The Duke of Edinburgh visited the Prince of Wales. On Tuesday the Prince went to Doncaster to see the races, being the guest of Mr. C. Sykes, M.P., at Brantingham Thorpe.

The Prince of Wales has forwarded to the Lord Mayor the sum of £4000, the amount arising from the Hospital Fête at the International Health Exhibition.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Queenstown on the 4th inst. from Castle-Martyr, the seat of Lord Shannon, having travelled by special train from Mogeely. His Royal Highness, who was received at the terminus by Rear-Admiral Lethbridge, at once drove to Riverstairs Quay and proceeded on board the flag-ship Minotaur. Madame Marie Roze and Colonel Henry Mapleson had the honour of being entertained at luncheon by his Royal Highness. In the evening the Duke dined with Admiral Lethbridge at Admiralty House, the Mayor of Cork (Mr. Barry Sheehan) being among the guests. A deputation from the Cork Harbour Board went on board the Minotaur yesterday week, and presented the Duke of Edinburgh with an address. Subsequently, his Royal Highness lunched on shore at the Royal Cork Yacht Club. The Channel Fleet left Queenstown in the afternoon. The Duke landed at Portsmouth on Monday from her Majesty's ship Minotaur, and proceeded for London. On the nomination of the Prince of Wales, a trustee of the Royal Agricultural Society of England and a member of its council, the Duke of Edinburgh has been unanimously elected a life governor of the society. His Royal Highness has given £50 to the funds of the institution.

Princess Christian arrived at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday from Germany.

## RESTORATION OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

The removal of the old Law Courts, as every Londoner has perceived, left the exterior of the west side of Westminster Hall, opposite the Abbey, exposed to view, with its ancient buttresses and "flying buttresses," which were built in the time of Richard II. to support the existing roof. The original roof of the Norman Hall built by William Rufus had been destroyed by fire at the end of the reign of Edward III. The walls appear to have been raised somewhat higher when the new roof was constructed, and the addition of the buttresses was needful for their support. It is believed that they were formerly covered, or rather connected together by a structure which is supposed to have consisted of an upper and lower arcade, forming a two-storeyed cloister, which it is now proposed to restore, and to place a building, also at right angles to the north-west portion of the Hall, on ground which has always been occupied by subsidiary buildings of one kind or another. The proposed alterations include raising the towers and some change in the façade at the north end; but this we may regard as a separate matter, unconnected with the treatment of the western face. The lower storey of the new north-west building is to have an open arcade towards New Palace-yard, and to be used as a shelter for horses and carriages, instead of the shed or penthouse at present provided. The lower storey or cloister of the other portion, along the west side of the Hall, is to be an elongated *porte-cochère*, to be reached by a drive from the corner of New Palace-yard down to the south end of the cloister. Doors will be provided, with steps, up into Westminster Hall from the lower cloister. In the upper cloister, there may be apartments for different offices, if needed, in connection with the business of the Houses of Parliament. The design proposed by Mr. Pearson, architect to the Government Board of Works, shows a cloister, the arches filled in with iron grilles, on the lower storey, and a closed and glazed upper storey; a battlemented parapet, the buttresses and flying buttresses finished with large and heavy crocketed pinnacles. At the north end there is to be a new two-storeyed building, with a high-pitched roof, at right angles to the Hall, and occupying nearly the position which the Early English building at the north-west angle occupied. Some difference of opinion concerning the architectural propriety of these additions to Westminster Hall was expressed the other day in the House of Commons; and the First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, agreed to wait till next Session before proceeding with their construction. Our illustrations will enable competent critics of architecture to form their own judgment.

The Duke of Westminster has promised to take part in the opening of the North Wales College next month.

## OBITUARY.

SIR A. GRANT, BART.

Sir Archibald Grant, seventh Baronet, of Monymusk, J.P. and D.L., died on the 4th inst., at his seat near Aberdeen. He was born on Sept. 21, 1823, the eldest son of Mr. Robert Grant, of Tillyfour; was educated at Eton, and was formerly Captain 4th Light Dragoons. He succeeded to the title at the decease of his uncle, Sir Isaac Grant, in 1863; and, as he was never married, the baronetcy, conferred in 1705 on his ancestor, Sir Francis Grant Lord Cullen, the famous Scotch lawyer, devolves on Sir Archibald's brother, now Sir Francis William Grant, eighth Baronet, Lieutenant-Colonel Bengal Staff Corps, who was born in 1828. The Grants of Monymusk are a junior branch of the ancient family of Grant of Grant.



SIR J. L. DUNTZE, BART.

Sir John Lewis Duntze, third Baronet, whose death is announced, was born Aug. 16, 1809, the only son of Sir John Duntze, Bart., by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Carew, Bart.; was educated at Eton, and was formerly Lieutenant 7th Dragoon Guards. He succeeded his father June 21, 1830, and married, March 15, 1834, Frances Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. James Coles, Rector of Michaelstone, Monmouthshire, by whom he had no issue. The baronetcy devolves consequently on his cousin, now Sir George Alexander Duntze, fourth Baronet.



THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Elizabeth Frances Charlotte Marchioness of Londonderry died on the 2nd inst., at 25, Upper Brooke-street. Her Ladyship was born Dec. 13, 1813, the eldest daughter of Robert, third Earl of Roden, K.P.; and was twice married—first, in 1836, to Richard, sixth Viscount Powerscourt, who died in 1844; and secondly, on May 2, 1846, to the fourth Marquis of Londonderry, K.P., who died in 1872. By her first husband she leaves two surviving sons, Mervyn, present Viscount Powerscourt, K.P., and the Hon. Lewis Wingfield.

SIR R. R. TORRENS.

Sir Robert Richard Torrens, G.C.M.G., of Hannaford, Devon, M.P. for Cambridge in the Liberal interest 1868 to 1874, died on the 31st ult. He was born in 1814, the eldest son of Colonel Robert Torrens, M.P. for Bolton, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and formerly held the office of Collector of Customs, Treasurer, and Chief Secretary in South Australia, in which colony he represented Adelaide in Parliament. The Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George was conferred on him in 1872. Sir Robert married, in 1839, Barbara, widow of Mr. Augustus George Anson, daughter of Mr. Alexander Park, of Selkirk, and niece of Mungo Park, the traveller. Sir Robert's name will be associated with the system of land transfers which, known as the "Torrens Act," is adopted in Australia, New Zealand, and many other colonies.

MR. HORNBY.

Mr. William Henry Hornby, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for Blackburn from 1857 to 1869, and a leading cotton manufacturer of that town, whose death is just announced, was born July 2, 1805, the third son of Mr. John Hornby, of Raikes Hall. In 1851 he was elected Mayor of Blackburn, on the incorporation of the borough. He married, 1831, Margaret Susannah, daughter and heiress of Mr. Edward Birley, of Kirkham, and had a large family. His second son, Edward Kenworthy Hornby, succeeded him as M.P. for Blackburn. Another of his sons is Mr. A. N. Hornby, the famous cricketer.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. John Morris, the oldest minister in the English Presbyterian Church, in his ninety-third year.

Mr. Charles H. Jones, J.P., first and four times Mayor of Huddersfield, at the age of eighty-four.

Dr. James Collis Browne, the inventor of chlorodyne, on the 30th ult., at his residence, St. Lawrence-on-Sea.

The Rev. John Reed, Vicar of Newburn, Newcastle-on-Tyne, which he held for fifty-two years, aged eighty-one.

Mr. Horace Turner, one of the oldest Liverpool merchants, on the 4th inst. He originated extensive reforms in the Dock Board warehouse system.

The Rev. William Douglas Veitch, of Eliok, in the county of Dumfriesshire, late Vicar of St. Saviour's, Paddington, on the 4th inst., at his seat near Sanquhar, aged eighty-three.

Mr. Thomas W. Lidderdale, for more than thirty years an officer in the British Museum, on the 4th inst. He was distinguished as a Scandinavian scholar, especially in Icelandic bibliography.

The Rev. Henry Hunter Hughes, B.D., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, on the 4th inst., at Layham Rectory, Suffolk, aged eighty-seven. Mr. Hughes held the rectory of Layham for forty-eight years.

General Frederick Brooke Corfield, of the Bengal Infantry, on the 2nd inst., at Upper Norwood, aged eighty-one. He served during the Punjab campaign of 1848-9, and was present at the actions of Chillianwallah and Goojerat.

Mr. Robert Dickinson, on the 9th inst., aged seventy-six, at Shotley House, in the county of Durham. He was a magistrate for the county of Durham, and married Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. Matthias Bradley, by whom he leaves issue.

Colonel the Hon. Archibald Douglas Pennant, J.P. for Northamptonshire, formerly Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel Grenadier Guards, on the 8th inst., at Dinas, near Bettws-y-Coed, aged forty-seven. He was second son of Lord Penrhyn, and was married to Harriet Ella, daughter of second Lord Gifford.

Louisa Emma, Dowager Countess of Seafield, at Grant Lodge, Elgin, on the 2nd inst., aged sixty-six. She was second daughter of Mr. Robert George Maunsell, of Limerick, and was three times married—first, in 1843, to Francis William, sixth Earl of Seafield; secondly, in 1856, to Major Godfrey H. Massy; and thirdly, in 1864, to Lord Henry Loftus.

Mr. W. Russell, many years Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, on the 5th inst., at Brighton, after a protracted illness, in his eighty-fifth year. He was the youngest son of Lord William Russell, brother of the fifth and sixth Dukes of Bedford. He married, May 17, 1828, Emma, daughter of the late Colonel John Campbell, of Schawfield, Argyleshire, by whom, who survives him, he leaves two sons and a daughter.

Mr. Joseph Livesey, the father of teetotalism, on the 2nd inst., at his residence, Bank-parade, Preston, in his ninety-first year. He filled most of the public offices in his native

town, and promoted many public improvements. In testimony of the valuable life-work of Mr. Livesey, his remains were honoured by a public funeral at Preston on the 5th inst. Business was partially suspended, and representatives attended from most of the chief towns of the kingdom.

Charlotte Maria, Dowager Lady Keane, on the 8th inst., at her residence in Montagu-square. Her Ladyship was the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Boland, and married, in 1810, as his second wife, Lord Keane, G.C.B., the distinguished General and Commander-in-Chief in India, who was raised to the peerage for his brilliant expedition to Afghanistan, and who died in 1841. Lady Keane married, secondly, in 1847, Mr. William Pigott, of Dullingham-house, Cambridgeshire, but was again left a widow in 1875.

## THE WILL OF BARONESS DE ROTHSCHILD.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1884) of Charlotte Baroness de Rothschild (the widow of the late Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild), late of Gunnersbury Park, Middlesex, and of 148, Piccadilly, who died on March 13 last, was proved on the 4th inst. in the principal registry by her three sons, Sir Nathaniel Mayer de Rothschild, Bart., M.P., and Messrs. Alfred and Leopold de Rothschild, the executors named in the will, the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £295,139. After making various bequests, including legacies to servants and attendants, the testatrix bequeaths the following charitable legacies:—To the Jews' Free School, Bell-lane, £15,000;—to the Jews' Infant School, Commercial-street, the Westminster Jews' Free School, the Stepney Jewish Schools, and the Bayswater Jewish Schools, £3000 each;—to the Jewish Board of Guardians, the London Hospital, and the Evelina Hospital, £10,000 each;—to the St. George's Hospital and to the Jewish Ladies' Lying-in Charity, £5000 each;—to the West London Hospital, Hammersmith; the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum, Norwood; the Jewish Emigration Society, the Ladies' Benevolent Loan and Visiting Society, and the Clementina Hospital at Frankfurt, £3000 each;—to the Jewish Convalescent Home, Norwood; the German Hospital, Dalston; the Metropolitan Free Hospital; the Home for Jewish Deaf and Dumb, Walmor House, Notting-hill; and the Ladies' Conjoint Visiting Committee of the United Synagogue and the Board of Guardians, £2000 each;—to the Jewish Ladies' West-End Charity; the Bread, Meat, and Coal Charity; the Institution for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb; the Buckinghamshire Infirmary at Aylesbury; the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary, Margate; the Hospital for Incurables at Putney; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; and the Earlswood Asylum, £1000 each;—to the Institution for the Relief of the Indigent Blind of the Jewish persuasion, and the Society for Relieving Aged and Needy Jews, £500 each;—to the United Synagogue for the Augmentation of the Stipends of the Officiating Ministers, £5000;—and for the benefit of charities in Frankfurt to be selected by her executors, £2000. The testatrix's three sons are appointed her residuary legatees.

## "ORDERED OFF."

The scene at a railway station, where a young soldier of the Highland Brigade, accompanied by his sorrowing mother, is awaiting the train by which he starts for the port of embarkation on foreign service, is represented in Mr. Frank Holl's picture with much truth and force of expression. This pathetic situation must be of frequent occurrence in the family histories of the North British peasantry, whose robust and hardy youth contribute a most efficient portion of the Queen's Army. Many an aged parent, who may perhaps be a widow, has occasion, while months and years roll on, to join in the mournful strain of affectionate longing that a Scottish lassie was once supposed to sing:

O where, and O where, is my Highland laddie gone?  
He's gone to fight the French, for King George upon the throne;  
And it's O, in my heart, but I wish him safe at home.

Instead of fighting the French, in these days, he may be going to fight the Arabs of the Sudan, the Afghans, the Zulus, or the Kaffirs, for the glory of Queen Victoria instead of King George. Anyhow, let us hope that he will return some day, and that he will then be a comfort to his poor old mother.

Lord Dufferin has been appointed Viceroy of India.

Mr. J. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, has intimated to the Mayor of Boston his readiness to assist at the inauguration of the new dock at Boston in October.

Rear-Admiral J. E. Baird, Royal Navy, has been appointed to the command of the squadron in the Pacific, in succession to Rear-Admiral Lyons.

The first denominational hall in connection with the Irish Queen's Colleges was opened at Cork on Wednesday. Protestant students will be lodged and religiously educated there, while attending the non-denominational classes of the college.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from American and Canadian ports amounted to 3549 cattle, 3335 sheep, 6153 quarters of beef, and 350 carcasses of mutton.

Mrs. Moncrieff has been presented with a suite of apartments at Kensington Palace; and the suite of apartments at Hampton Court Palace vacated by her has been presented to the widow of the late Admiral Hall.

Madame Adelina Patti has consented to accept a portrait of herself, painted by an eminent artist, from Sir Hussey Vivian and other members of the Swansea Hospital Committee, in recognition of her kindness in raising £1400 towards the funds of the hospital by two concerts.

The trustees of the National Gallery have arranged the purchase of two of the most important pictures in the Blenheim collection. These are the Virgin and Child, by Raphael, known as the Madonna dei Ansidesi, and the equestrian portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke.

In London, last week, 2574 births and 1529 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 73 below, whereas the deaths exceeded by 115, the average numbers. The deaths included 11 from smallpox, 16 from measles, 18 from scarlet fever, 31 from diphtheria, 36 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 20 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 178 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 2 from choleraic diarrhoea and cholera.

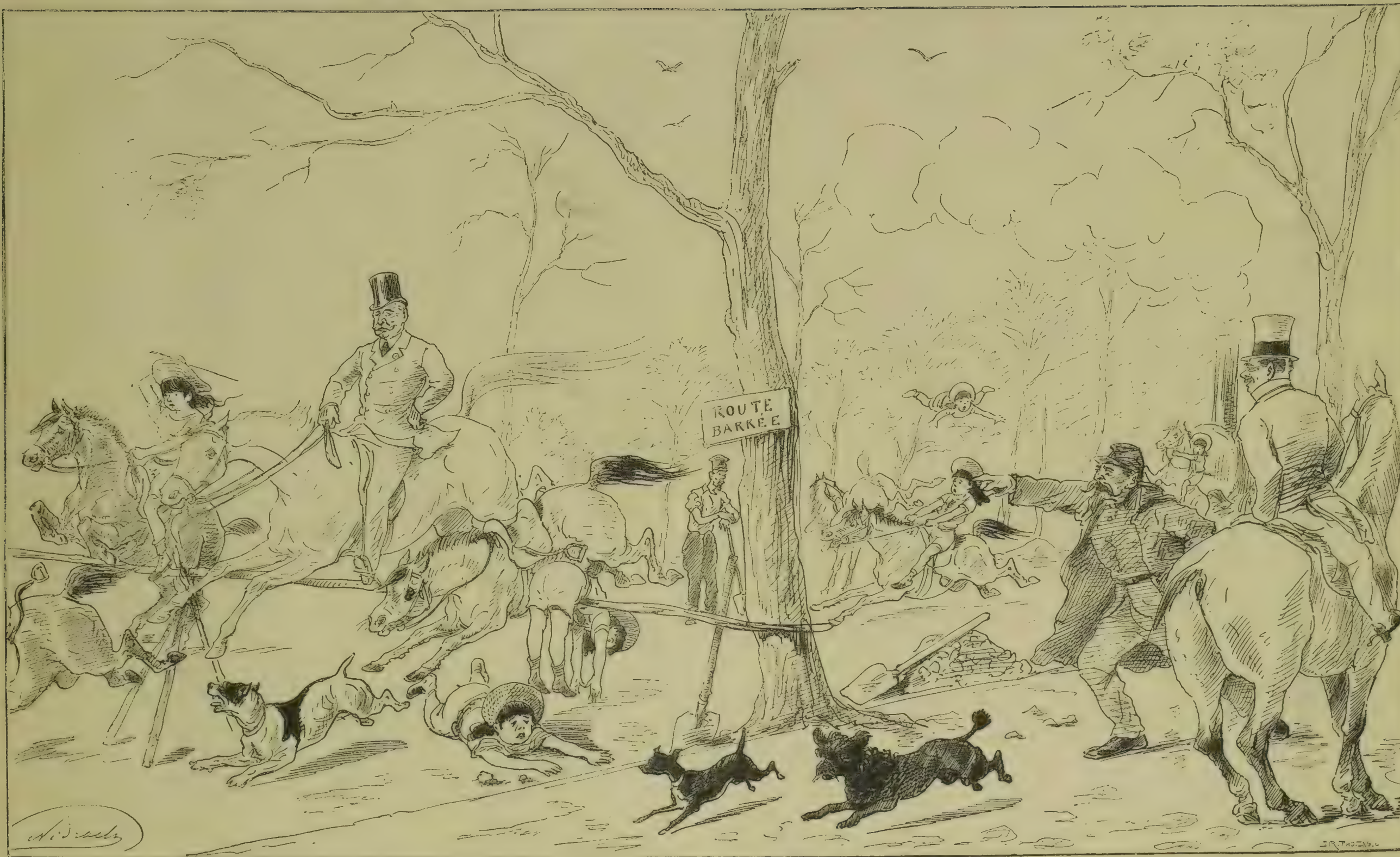
Three sailors who were landed at Falmouth last Saturday tell a terrible story. They and a lad had been in charge of a yacht, which was being taken to New South Wales. She foundered during a storm at the Equator. The crew escaped in a punt, only having time to throw two cans of turnips on board. They tossed on the sea for twenty-four days, until rescued by a German barque. During this time the lad was killed and eaten. On arriving at Falmouth the men were arrested; and on Monday they were charged before the magistrates with the murder of the boy, and after some evidence had been taken they were remanded, pending the receipt of instructions from the Treasury.





1. View from south-west, showing the ancient buttresses. 2. Westminster Hall and New Palace Yard. 3. View showing proposed restoration.  
PROPOSED RESTORATION OF THE EXTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER HALL.





PARIS ON HORSEBACK: SKETCHES BY NIDRACH.—III. THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE AND M. DE LESSEPS.



## PARIS ON HORSEBACK.—No. III.

ILLUSTRATED BY "NIDRACH."

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE AND M. DE LESSEPS.

From Philippe Bel to M. Grévy, from Catelan the Troubadour to M. De Lesseps, is a long stride in history. It carries us from the end of the thirteenth to nearly the end of the nineteenth century—a period of six hundred years, during which the Bois has undergone some notable vicissitudes and beheld some strange reverses of fortune. Its present name dates from about the reign of Louis XI., up to which time it appears in ancient maps and chronicles as the Forest of Rouvray—so called because the tree which therein chiefly abounded was the oak; in French, the *chêne rouvre* or *rouvre*, which hath its sturdy root in the Latin *Robur*. The Forest of Rouvray was of much greater extent than the Bois de Boulogne, for it covered the whole tract of land inclosed by the great loop which the Seine makes between Meudon and St. Denis. Louis XI. endowed the Forest with seigniorial rights and bestowed it in fief upon Jacques Cottier, his physician; a gift which was annulled by Parliamentary enactment when the King died, in 1483. We next hear of the Bois de Boulogne (no longer Forest of Rouvray) as being surrounded with walls and stocked with game by François I.; and from this time forth it became the favourite hunting-pleasure of his descendants when in residence at their palace of the Louvre. Under Henri III., the weak-brained votary of lap-dogs and *bilboquet*, this ground narrowly escaped being disforested and converted into a monster cemetery. His notion (which was not without a certain gloomy grandeur) was to cut six great convergent avenues opening upon a central area, in the midst of which he proposed to erect a magnificent royal mausoleum. In this mausoleum his own heart, and the hearts of the Kings his ancestors, were to be enshrined. He furthermore determined that every Knight of the Most Holy Order of the Saint Esprit—an order founded by himself in 1598—should be required to build his own tomb within the precincts of the new necropolis; each tomb to stand alone, to be constructed of fine marble adorned with carvings and statues, and to be planted round with yew-trees cut into divers fantastic shapes. "In two hundred years' time," said the King complacently, "it will be one of the most amusing promenades imaginable. There will be at least four hundred tombs here." Fortunately for modern Paris, Henri III. either changed his mind, or died before he had time to carry into effect this very original scheme for laying out a place of public entertainment.

Charles IX. (a mighty sportsman, and author of a famous book of venery, "entitled *La Chasse Royale*"), Henri IV., and Louis XIII., all hunted with hawk and hound in the Bois de Boulogne; and it was not till Louis XIV. permanently removed his court to Versailles that this ancient Royal chase fell out of favour. Thenceforth it was so neglected, that towards the close of the reign of Louis XVI. its trees were fast dying out, and the place was becoming a mere wilderness of bushes. Decimated by the revolutionary axe under the Reign of Terror, it had but little timber left when finally cleared for wood to make palisades for the Paris barriers at the approach of the allied armies in 1811. In 1815, after the capitulation of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, which then presented the appearance of a rough clearing in an American forest, formed the camping-ground of the British troops. Subsequent planting, however, and in course of time the growth of new shoots from old stocks, restored the sylvan aspect of the Bois. Charles X. and Louis Philippe improved it by constructing rides and drives; and, finally, Napoleon III., with the aid of a staff of landscape gardeners, civil engineers, and architects, converted it into one of the most beautiful parks in Europe.

Such, briefly, is the history of the famous and delightful Bois de Boulogne. Between the Forest of Rouvray and the Hyde Park of modern Paris, what a contrast! Where the stag of ten once strayed unbidden, the steam-roller now wends its ponderous way. Where erewhile the baying pack, followed by princes and gallants, coursed adown the glades, Monsieur De Lesseps, indifferent to closed roads and prohibitory placards, cantered serene with his multitudinous family of little boys. Vain are the remonstrances of the Garde Champêtre. Will he, think you, who abolished Nature's own barrier between two seas, be checked by a rail across the roadway? Deaf to the voice of municipal authority, the great man goes over the rail as though it were a mere bramble; and if any pang of apprehension thrills his paternal breast at sight of the "dolorous rout" of his juvenile following, his immovable countenance tells no tales. For that rout, the grim steam-roller is answerable. Six excitable ponies, mounted by six bare-legged and black-haired little boys, kick up their four-and-twenty heels, and fly before the dreadful roar of that uncanny monster. Three saddles are instantly empty, and three little boys are seen flying through the air. The great man, leaving his olive-branches to pick themselves up as best they can, rides on, as monumentally cool as the statue of the Commendatore in "Don Giovanni." Nor is it to be taken for granted that these six small boys represent the whole of M. De Lesseps' little family. Far from it. Some three or four more, though not yet in sight, are bringing up the rear, and will soon be round the corner. For M. De Lesseps' little boys are innumerable as the sands of the seashore or the stars of the milky way; and "the cry is still—They come!" These are his children by a second marriage, their mother being, I think, a Spanish creole. They are not all little boys. There is a sprinkling of little girls, but I know not precisely how many. When dealing with numbers so vast, a dozen more or less makes no appreciable difference.

M. De Lesseps has a town house, a country house, and a chalet at Ismaïleeyah. His town house is in the Rue Richemont, near the Madeleine. He is the most hospitable of men, and he welcomes all nationalities, all creeds, all politics at his lavish table. After dinner, he invites you to follow him to the nursery; to view the children in their cots. Sleeping or waking, in bed or on horseback, these little ones are the pride and glory of their father's heart. Thus surrounded, he forgets his seventy-eight years, and believes himself immortal. In Nidrach's spirited sketch there is no exaggeration. Photographs of the patriarch and his tribe, riding in cavalcade or crowded in open carriages, are to be seen in all the shop-windows of Paris. M. De Lesseps' boundless hospitality, especially when at his country place, leads him into many a difficulty with his cook; as, for instance, when he unexpectedly brings a wandering Archaeological Society home to dinner. Being on a certain occasion required to provide for fifteen additional guests, this functionary threatened to commit suicide. "M. le Baron ordered dinner for eighteen," he said, tragically, "and now he requires me to lay covers for thirty-three! There is not food enough in the house. It is impossible!" "*A cœur vaillant rien d'impossible!*" quoted his master, calmly. "You shall have all you want in an hour." With this he went round to the stable, saddled his horse, slung two big wicker baskets across the pommel, galloped off to the neighbouring town, and speedily returned laden with fish, flesh, and fowl, to say nothing of half a dozen dangling hares and rabbits. The man who refuses to be thwarted in trifles is not

likely to be daunted where matters of serious moment are concerned. Innumerable are the anecdotes told in Egypt of his sangfroid, his ready wit, and his indomitable will. That he projected and carried out his great enterprise in the teeth of a powerful opposition, fomented by Lord Palmerston's Government, notwithstanding that Cabinet intrigues were put into execution by means of subsidised Bedouins and local Sheikhs, are facts which, however humiliating, it is impossible to controvert. One Mouktar Bey, the agent especially charged to organise this opposition, took up his quarters at Tel-el-Kebir, and thence conducted a long, harassing, and secret warfare against M. De Lesseps and his employees. If beasts of burden were needed for the transport of material, every available camel in the district was requisitioned and sent elsewhere. The fellahs were prohibited (but in vain) from accepting employment, first upon the new Sweet-water Canal, and next upon the Suez Canal. Some fifty or sixty workmen were one day pounced upon, carried off, and actually thrown into prison. Towards evening, M. De Lesseps gulped alone into the market-place of Tel-el-Kebir, where the Bey and his officers were serenely smoking their cigarettes and sipping their coffee in the gateway of the official mansion. Addressing the Bey with a torrent of reproaches, De Lesseps demanded the instant release of his men, whose cries were distinctly audible through the grated windows of the jail. Mouktar insolently refused; whereupon De Lesseps knocked him down. Coward and disgraced before his own subordinates, and in view of all the principal townfolk, Mouktar at once released his prisoners, to each of whom, as he came out, De Lesseps publicly presented a golden English sovereign. "Be it known to all men here," he said, "that my arm is strong to punish, and my hand free to reward."

Having on another occasion invited a party of local notabilities to pipes and coffee, he showed them a long array of empty bottles, ranged like a row of ninepins outside the door of his tent. "See this toy," M. De Lesseps said, taking a tiny revolver from his pocket. "It will kill six men in succession." His guests laughed, thinking it was a jest; but when they beheld him knock over six bottles one after the other, they were thunderstruck. "We Frenchmen are all armed with a brace or two of these pretty little playthings," said M. De Lesseps, "and we exterminate all who oppose us. For my own part, I take every black spot in the desert for a gazelle." To say that neither he nor any of his agents would have committed an act of criminal violence is, of course, unnecessary; but he knew that he must make himself and his people feared if the sea was ever to find free passage between Suez and Port Said.

One last story, and I have done. When at work upon the northern arm of the canal between Ismaïleeyah and Port Said, in a district half bitter lakes and half desert, a certain Arab sheikh undertook to intercept the fresh-water convoys which supplied M. De Lesseps' labourers with that first necessity of life. The chief engineer, M. Laroche, went in search of this same sheikh, put a revolver to his throat, and told him he was a dead man if he did not instantly revoke his orders, and give every facility to the water transport. The affair made a considerable noise at the time, and M. De Lesseps was summoned to Cairo to answer for the misdeeds of his representative. "My representative did right," he said boldly, "and it is well for your sheikh that he had not myself to deal with. He deserved death; for is it not said in the Koran *ye shall not refuse water to him that thirsteth in the desert*?" This apt quotation silenced the accusers, and the inquiry was dropped.

For the foregoing anecdotes, none of which, I believe, have previously appeared in print, I am indebted to the courtesy of M. Arthur Rhoné, the well-known author of "*L'Egypte à Petites Journées*."

A. B. E.

## THE VOLUNTEERS.

A rifle meeting of the St. George's Volunteers was held on the 4th inst. at Nunhead, when Quartermaster Beeching won the St. George's Challenge Cup, Private J. Hearne took the Turner Challenge Plate, the Ladies Challenge Cup was won by Private Pickwick, Private Hearne won the Silver Challenge Shield, and the Milton Challenge Shield was awarded to Quartermaster-Sergeant Beeching.

The annual rifle-match between teams of twenty a side, representing North London and South London, took place on the 3rd inst. at the Park Ranges, Tottenham. The South London men gained by thirty points.

At the Park Ranges, near Tottenham, on Monday, the prize rifle competition among the members of the Honourable Artillery Company began. The first prize was won by Private F. Parker, the second by Private Brooking, the third by Private Chanter, and the fourth by Private J. K. Johnson. The competition was brought to a close on Tuesday. The principal event was the contest for the annual prize presented by the Prince of Wales (Captain-General and hon. Colonel) for the encouragement of rifle-shooting in the regiment. Homer scored 91, being beaten by two points by Munday, but as the conditions specify that the Prince of Wales's prize cannot be twice taken by one competitor, Homer was adjudged the winner. Private Munn has now four times been second for the prize. Captain Munday, though not entitled to take the Prince of Wales's prize, is awarded a valuable painting presented by Sergeant W. S. Jay. Lieutenant McKenzie was the winner of the Duke of Portland's prize of 15 guineas; Private T. Munn took the second prize (the late Captain Jacobs's); and Private Gilbert the third (Lord Colville of Culross's) prize. The last contest on the list was the President's Prize for the championship of the regiment, and the winner of this most coveted honour was Private Gilbert.

The annual distribution of prizes to the men of the 2nd Tower Hamlets Engineers Regiment, whose head-quarters are at Victoria Park-square, took place last Saturday in the grounds of Mr. J. T. North, Avery-hill House, Eltham. The chief prize-winners were Sergeant-Major Britton (who recently won the Regimental Challenge Cup, and retains it), who received a handsome timepiece; Sergeant-Major Roberts, a hunting-watch; and Corporal Inkpen a field-glass, these being engineering prizes.

The King of Saxony has given fifteen pounds towards the funds of the German Teachers' Association.

The annual meeting of the Braemar Highland Society, known as the Braemar Gathering, came off on the 4th inst. in front of Mar Castle with great success. The assemblage in the park included the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. and the Misses Gladstone, Lord and Lady Manners and Lady Pierrepont, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, Prince Malcolm Khan, Persian Ambassador, the Bishop of St. Asaph and party, and many at present staying in the district. The Royal party, and also the Premier's party, were vociferously cheered as they entered and left the ground. The sports engaged in at the gathering were of the kind common to these Highland meetings, including pipe playing, throwing the hammer and stone, tossing the caber, and dancing. Following the Braemar Gathering, there was a torchlight ball at Mar Lodge, which was attended by many distinguished visitors.

## THE CHURCH.

St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, has been reopened for Divine service. The Rev. Chaplain Cure is in residence.

The reopening the belfry at Beaconsfield church and the dedication of the new bells took place on Tuesday.

Over 400 clergy of the diocese of Ripon were present at the enthronement and installation of the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Carpenter) on Tuesday.

A pastoral staff will be presented to the Bishop of Carlisle, in the Congress-hall, Carlisle, by the Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland, on the 30th inst.

The Hon. and Rev. Maurice W. F. St. John, Vicar of Kempford, Gloucester, has accepted the offer of the Lord Chancellor of the canonry in Gloucester Cathedral, rendered vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton.

At the early hour of seven o'clock on Tuesday morning the Rev. J. B. Wilkinson, Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, laid the first stone of another portion of the Church of the Ascension, Lavender-hill, Battersea.

The Bishop of Newcastle's fund has reached a sum of more than £30,000. Eleven additional clergy are at work in Northumberland by its means, one new church has been built and another is in course of erection.

Following the example of the late Dean Stanley, who frequently occupied the pulpits of Scotch parish churches, Dr. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, has conducted a Presbyterian service in the Established Church of Chirnside, in Berwickshire.

The Rev. Dr. Gifford, Hon. Canon of St. Albans, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London, has accepted his Lordship's offer of the canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the archdeaconry of London thereto attached, rendered vacant by the death of Bishop Claughton.

This year's festival of the Three Choirs has been held this week at Worcester. It was precluded on Sunday by a special service at the Cathedral, at which a new motett, composed by Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, was sung. The preacher was Canon Knox-Little.

The old burial-ground of St. John's, Westminster, situated between Page-street and Horseferry-road, has been converted into a recreation and pleasure garden.—Islington old churchyard is to be converted into a public recreation-ground, at an estimated cost of £1000, half of which will be defrayed by the Metropolitan Board of Works and the other moiety by the vestry of Islington. The space—an acre and a half—is to be turfed, and provided with flower beds.

It is proposed to erect a memorial window in the Octagon Chapel, Bath, to Sir William Herschell, who composed several hymn and chant tunes for the use of the choir there.—The memorial to the late Bishop of Ripon, it has been decided, shall take the form of a new east window in Ripon Cathedral, and it will be dedicated to the first two Bishops of the diocese.—The parish church of Yalding has been enriched by a painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, the gift of Mrs. Baines, widow of the late Vicar, and in his memory.—A memorial window to the Rev. George L. R. Wildig, who died last year at Malton, has been placed in St. Luke's Church, Liverpool, of which he was for a short time the Vicar.—A stained-glass window, from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., has been placed in Westbourne church to the memory of the Rev. John Mee, late Vicar of the parish.—Bishop Titcombe unveiled a Munich window in the English church at Baden-Baden on the 31st ult., as a memorial to the late Rev. C. L. Butler, M.A., who was hon. sec. for the erection of this church. The artists are Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich and London.

Mr. Gladstone, on the part of the Crown, has appointed the Rev. J. Lett Stackhouse, Curate-in-charge of Berkeley, Gloucester, and Domestic Chaplain to Lord Fitzhardinge, to the important living of Christ Church, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, rendered vacant by the preferment of the Rev. James D. Kelly to a canonry in Manchester Cathedral.—The Bishop of Ripon has collated the Rev. Dr. Bardsley, Vicar of Bradford, and the Rev. Samuel Joy to honorary canonries in the cathedral; and has likewise instituted the Rev. William Pearson to the vicarage of Shipley, near Bradford, and the Rev. Samuel Joy to the new vicarage of Birstwith.—The Rev. W. E. Heygate, of Salisbury, has been presented to the valuable living of Leigh, in the diocese of Salisbury, the vacancy being occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. George Thompson.—The valuable living of Kirby Westerton, Yorkshire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Canon Body, has been offered to and accepted by the Rev. W. Hutchings, of Clewer, Windsor. The living, which is worth £1000 per annum, is in the gift of the Earl of Feversham.—The Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, has appointed the Rev. Thomas Russell, B.A., late of St. James's, Leeds, to the incumbency of St. John's Church, West Port, New Zealand.—The Duke of Somerset has presented the living of Teigngrace, Newton Abbott, Devon, to the Rev. Thomas R. Grundy, formerly Curate of Woolborough, Newton Abbott.

## FARM ITEMS.

The annual exhibition of the Manchester, Liverpool, and North Lancashire Agricultural Society was held at Stockport. The entries were up to the average in number, and have not often been surpassed in quality. Dairy cows were the principal feature of the show of cattle. The first prize and gold medal for the best bull the property of a landlord was taken by Mr. R. Wilkins, of Loughton; Mr. Preston, who showed a magnificent animal called Knight of Gwynne, which has already taken many prizes, being second. In the class for the best bull of any age or breed, the leading position was taken by Mr. John Rowley, of Norton, Doncaster, with Self-Esteem, a three-year-old. Self-Esteem was first at the Royal Show this year, and has taken a large number of champion awards. The society's gold medal for the best cow of any age or breed was awarded to Mr. T. H. Hutchinson, of Catterick, York, for Lady Pamela. The gold medal for the best heifer was taken by Mr. C. W. Brierley, of Tenbury. In sheep, Leicestershires and Shropshires were of scarcely so high quality as usual, but Lincoln were a fairly good class. There was an excellent show of heavy horses, but light horses were poor. Poultry and dogs were fairly good.

The Earl of Cork attended on the 4th inst. the annual dinner of the Evercreech Agricultural Society. He congratulated Somerset farmers on the quality of Cheddar cheese.

Under the presidency of Sir H. R. Williams-Bulkeley, Bart., the annual show of the Anglesey and Carnarvonshire Agricultural Society was held at Bangor on the 4th inst.

Lord Lathom's shorthorns at Lathom Park, near Ormskirk, were sold by Mr. Thornton on the 4th inst. The twenty-nine lots fetched 2681 guineas, or an average of little less than £95. The Prince of Wales bought a handsome heifer for 81 guineas by the 51st Duke of Oxford. Several bulls were bought for South America. The Earl of Bective, at a subsequent luncheon, complimented Lord Lathom, whose absence was much regretted, on having had the enterprise to bring into this country such a celebrated cow as the Duchess of Oncida.



## THE TRADE UNIONS CONGRESS.

On Monday the seventeenth annual Trade Unions Congress commenced its sittings in Aberdeen. After the election of Mr. Thompson, of Aberdeen, as president for the year, Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., read the report of the Parliamentary Committee. The Committee considered that the tendency of recent legislation was to give the people a better position and greater power in national affairs. They did not seek State aid, but they did ask for the removal of State obstruction to freedom, equality, and prosperity. On Tuesday Mr. Thompson gave the inaugural address. There was an animated discussion on the subject of the Franchise Bill. A motion condemning the action of the House of Lords and urging the Government to press forward the bill with energy was adopted. Lord Rosebery addressed the congress on Wednesday. At last year's congress a subscription was set on foot to recognise the services of Mr. Broadhurst to the annual congress, and as a labour representative in the House of Commons. The result is that £1200 has been received, and this sum, with an illuminated address, was presented to Mr. Broadhurst at this meeting of the congress.

The following are the subjects considered at the congress:—(1) Employers' Liability Act (1880) Amendment Bill; (2) certificates of competency for men in charge of steam-engines and boilers; (3) the desirability of increasing the number of factory and workshop inspectors; (4) the necessity of appointing an increased number of sub-inspectors for mines; (5) the right of the relatives of deceased miners to be represented at coroners' inquests; (6) co-operation and its relation to trades-unionism; (7) the assimilation of the county to the borough franchise; (8) the extension of the hours of polling; (9) representation of labour in Parliament; (10) codification of the criminal law; (11) codification of the law summarily administered in petty session; (12) reform of the land laws; (13) public inquiry into sudden and accidental deaths in Scotland.

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As some considerable hesitation exists in the mind of the public that France in general, and Paris in particular, has been rendered unhealthily and dangerous to pass through in consequence of the presence of cholera at Toulon and Marseilles, the following translation of a letter from the Chef du Cabinet of the Préfet de la Seine must dissipate the fears which have prevailed to the contrary:—

Cabinet du Préfet de la Seine, Paris, Aug. 12, 1884.  
To the Confidential Agent, "Illustrated London News."  
Sir.—You have manifested a desire to be exactly informed, for the purposes of your estimable Journal, as to the sanitary state of Paris with respect to the cholera epidemic.

You can assure your readers in all sincerity that there has not been, neither is there any case of cholera in Paris. The state of the public health is excellent.  
Receive the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.  
(Signed) WEILLER, Chef du Cabinet.

In Paris every reasonable security appears to have been taken against the possible outbreak of the epidemic, owing to the remarkable hygienic arrangements resorted to; and, as cleanliness is the mightiest enemy to the spread of cholera, it will in all probability be stifled there.

Paris is more healthy than before, and the death-rate is proportionally lower than any other large city in Europe, and has never been so low since 1849.

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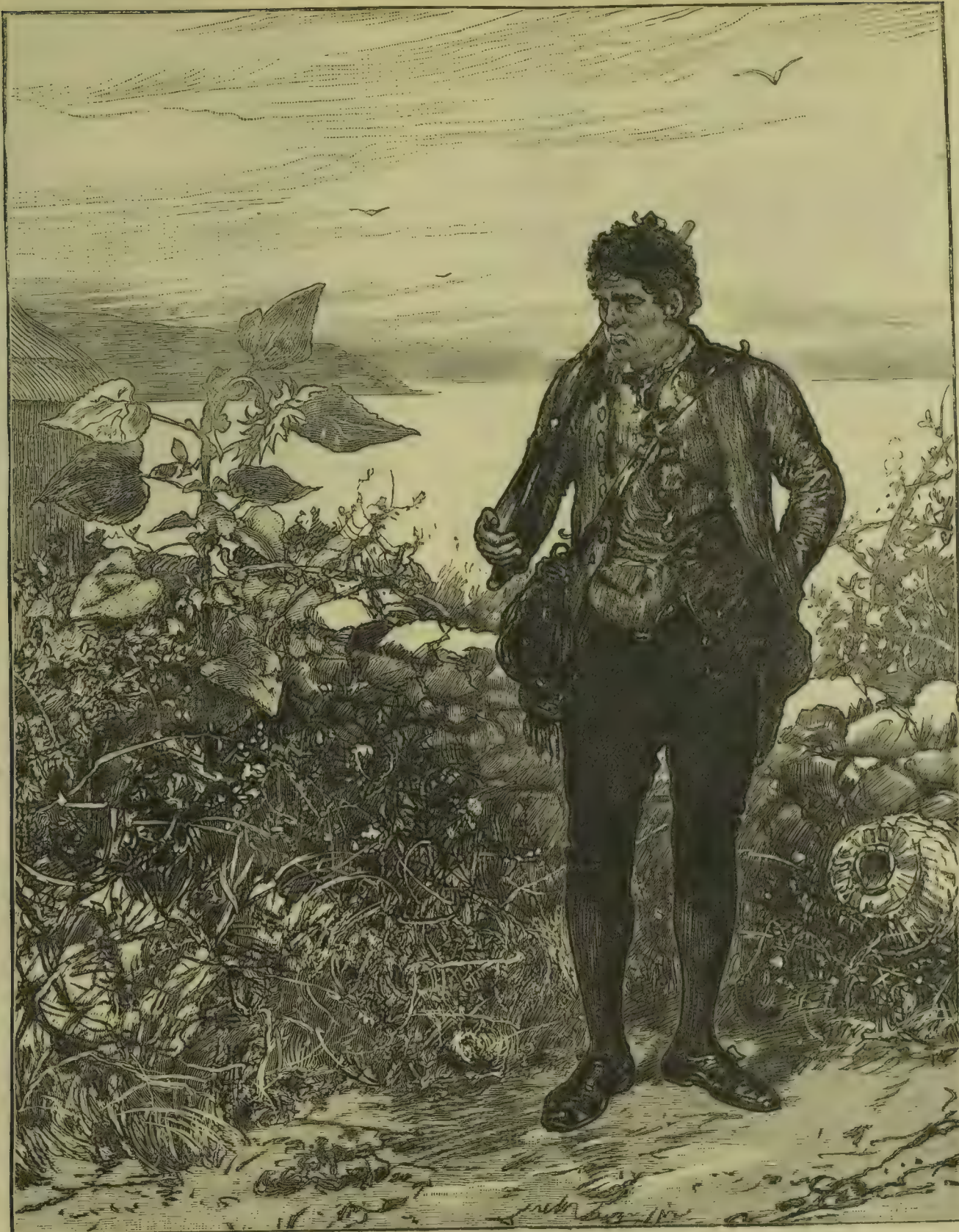
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Davis leaving the cottage, after his interview with Squire Carew.

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AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &amp;C.

### CHAPTER XIX.

YOU ARE YOU.



Departure of Captain Quickset was an enormous relief to Francis Carew, well worth the thousand pounds it had cost him. He drew a freer breath altogether—the whole air seemed purified. For not only did one part of him despise the man, but another part stood in a shameful sort of awe of him. Coward and cur he might be; but still he was that most dangerous of all rivals in the sight of a self-mistrustful country man: a brilliant gentleman who knew women and the world. Francis Carew had learned much

these last weeks, but by no means everything; he had not learned, for example, to mis-

trust the note of a man's own trumpet, in proportion to the loudness of its blowing. Still even he found scope for rumination, now that the Captain had carried himself off for good and all, as to the latter's motives in general. Why had he ever come to Stoke Juliot? Francis had some hazy recollection of having been told why, some time or other, in the course of their cups; but, whatever it was, he had clean forgotten. Possibly he had been

hiding from duns; such things will happen even to the best regulated Captains. But even so, Stoke Juliot was an exceedingly unlikely place for a complete stranger to the country to choose for an asylum. On the whole, that solution of the problem was the last that would hold water. Nor was there a woman in the case, that was clear. He had been as much a stranger to Mabel Openshaw (the only woman in the world) as he had been to her corner of Devon. No—there was no conceivable reason at all, since the ostensible reason had been forgotten, for the endurance at Hornacombe by Captain Quickset even of fate in the form of a sprained ankle, especially since the last had little of the usual incapacitating character. Of course Francis had none of the advantages of special knowledge open to Mabel. And if he had, it is probable he would only have been more puzzled still. For, unversed in human nature as he was, even he would not have swallowed the cock-and-bull story which the Captain had found good enough for Miss Openshaw. There are stories which men dare not tell to women; others that they dare not tell to men. This was one of the latter; for, if he had told it to his host, Francis, instead of being simply unable to account for his visit, would have known it to be with an object that had to be covered by a lie.

However, the great thing was that, whatever he had come for, whether for anything or nothing, the man was gone. No longer did hospitality call upon Francis to sit at table opposite a man with whom he could not exchange a word, or feel somehow that he was entertaining a snake without knowing what should make him feel so. He did not give another thought to the nine hundred and odd guineas, beyond feeling a little ashamed for having to offer Mabel an estate that was henceforth not wholly clear. Still, Mabel's lover could not feel personally answerable in conscience for the follies of so completely different a person as the Francis Carew who had never seen her: and, after all, he had bought useful experience more cheaply than most men who purchase it from brilliant strangers across a card-table.

It did not strike him that he was bound to face a painful scene in Derrick's cottage—of course Nance would know that

the Squire would stand her friend, and that the daughter of a servant who had died in his service need have no fear for her own future. But it was clearly his bounden duty to lose no time in inquiring how Mabel had borne the shock of yesterday, and the sight of things unfit for angels' eyes.

So, as soon as Captain Quickset and the grey mare were fairly started on their journey, to the infinite grief of Mrs. Drax, who had bestowed all her humble and motherly affection upon that brilliant and lively young gentleman, Francis set off for the Vicarage, where he found the Parson in the kitchen drinking ale.

"Oho!" exclaimed the latter, jovially. "So this is how we manage two meetings in one day—sweethearting in the morning, and proper company-keeping in the afternoon. Well, well. *Et in Arcadia Ego*—though that, by-the-way, was never said of Love, but of Death. Still, a saw that won't cut twenty ways is a poor sort of a tool."

"Quickset's gone!" said Francis. Of course he could not guess in the least at what the Parson was driving: but it seemed to be Greek for hint that he was calling a little too often for some sort of propitiations. So he gave a reason for having made a special call.

"And I trust to the — to some place a long way off, where he'll stay. We mustn't be uncharitable, my lad: but I never did like your friend. He was a Sham. It's not that he didn't know a hog's snout from a sow's tail—plenty of good men mayn't know that, and fine scholars, too: and plenty of farmers may. But I'm a man of the world: and I hadn't had him five minutes under my eye before I saw him sniggering in his sleeve. I've as good an appetite for flattery as any man—and more by token because it's never been spoilt by filling. But I don't like to be buttered as if I was a Lord Chancellor turned out among a mob of hungry curates. Don't trouble to stick up for your friend. Go and talk to Mabel. I suppose a thousand things have happened in the last hour."

"And I must speak to you about Derrick," said Francis, "before I go."

(Continued on page 259.)

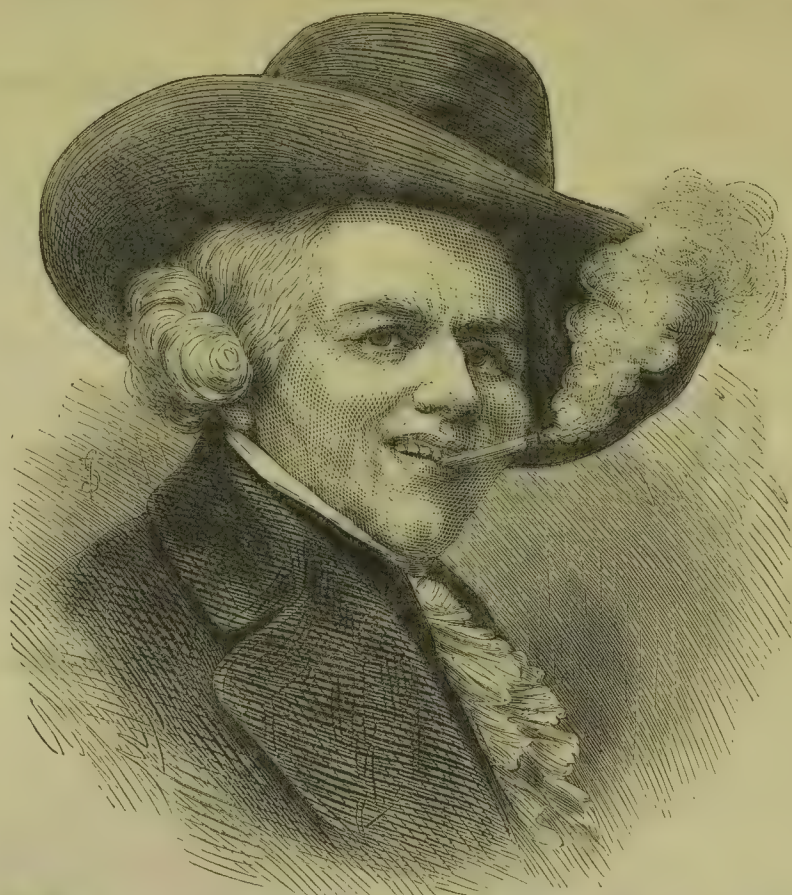




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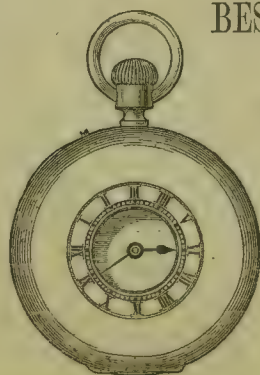
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"About the funeral. Aye. We must have that over. We must have no coroners come prying about here. If he makes it murder, he'll have to hang the parish; and if it's *felo de se*, it'll have to be a stake and four cross-roads."

"It is murder."

"My good lad, on that question I refer you to Aristophanes. Go and talk to Mabel. If it's murder, it will out; if it doesn't out, it isn't murder. I'm in this parish to do justice; and justice shall be done; never fear. Only leave it to me."

Francis was beginning to understand the Parson by this time; and shrewdly suspected that the five-syllabled authority was simply thrown in to impress him with the expediency of submitting his ignorance to superior learning. It was plain enough that Justice, as represented at Stoke Juliot, did not intend to stir from her books, her swine, and her ale. Then, all the more did it devolve upon himself to take the matter into his own hands. Fortunately, there was Davis to aid him; and perhaps Sir Miles Heron himself would see that Justice should not go to sleep in the selfishness of her chimney corner for want of lashing. Meanwhile, to talk to Mabel was the best as well as the only thing that could be done.

He found her perfectly composed. She was, as usual, at her needlework, and received him with unusual good-humour—not, indeed, with the brightness of glance and speech that had first captivated him, but with a gracious sweetness infinitely more precious in a lover's eyes. It was a double charm.

"I had to come," said he, "to learn how you are. I can never forgive myself for having led you into that wood just when— But I won't speak of that now. I only want to tell you how remorseful I have felt—for you."

"Then, if you won't forgive yourself, I must forgive you. Will that do as well?"

"It is the only thing that will do."

"Then you are absolved."

"Mabel!"

"Well, Mr. Carew?"

"You remember our talk the night before?"

"I think—some of it. Which part do you mean?"

"I can tell you every word," said he, leaning forward, but coming no nearer. "At least, if not all I said to you—which was all dull and stupid enough—every smallest thing you said to me. . . . I said you mustn't think I meant to hurry you: I asked you to give me something I could do for you, and would make you like me a little the better for its being done. And I asked you to let it be something really hard. And you said—"

"Oh, please don't tell me what I said! You have a terrible memory indeed. You mustn't remember anything I say—you must not indeed: never. I contradict myself at least a thousand times a day. You might as well bring up against a flood-tide that it was ebbing only an hour before!"

"And you said you believed I would throw myself into the sea if you bade. However, you took me at my word: and gave a task that has turned out to be a great deal worse than nothing. In one way it was done: only too easily done: in another, it has not been done at all. I have got to find poor Derrick's murderer all the same: but for justice' sake: not yours. Set me my task in earnest, Mabel: not one of child's play, out of caprice, but one worth doing as a step on the way to win you: one!"

She raised her eyes: and met his with something strangely persuasive in her own. He was so unmistakably honest and earnest that she must have been worse than witch indeed if she did not feel one pang of remorse, nay of repentance, for the treacherous part she had at last, in her cowardice, and under outward fascination, made up her heart to play.

"You must fancy," she said, almost sadly, "that you care about me a great deal." Nor was that sadness, or that touch of pathos, in her voice wholly assumed—indeed, she would rather that it had not been there, formidable as such weapons are for a winning game, and though she meant to win.

"Fancy, indeed!" exclaimed Francis, low and deep, and bending forward. "If fancying's knowing, I do. Of course you can't know how much—but I want you to know."

"And you would really do anything?" This time her eyes did not meet his—his had become the conquerors.

"Anything that man can do, or that you can bid me."

"Even if?"

"Yes: whatever it might be."

"Even anything wrong?"

"You would not bid me do anything wrong."

"I don't know. But I will not, you may be sure. I am half afraid to tell you what I really do want, though, all the same."

"You afraid—with me?"

"A little. When you look at me so hard—like that—you do make me a little afraid. . . . You know who I am?"

"Of course I know. I wish you knew me, half as well."

"Then," said Mabel, "you know that I am a foundling, a sea-waif, like half the lumber in this room—a hanger-on upon one who does not know me or understand me: that I have neither kin nor name. He keeps me here not because he loves me—as he does his pigs—though maybe a little better than his books—but just because he is used to my being about the place, and because he is afraid of change. Tamzin, because she cooks to suit him, is more to him than I am: he would prevent her marriage, if he could; but you see how eager he is for mine."

"It is because he does care for you!"

"No. And he is quite right. I am nothing but a burden on him. But I am somebody. I must have a name. It makes me miserable when every other live creature has human belongings, that I am nothing but a piece of sea-drift: a flake of foam, blown up by the wind, and meaning nothing. Don't you understand? I may have it in my power to repay Mr. Pengold all his charity, if the truth were known. There may be parents who have lost me, and need me. I may be princess—I may be beggar: I cannot tell. I want—I want to know who I am."

Francis considered: for he was not a man to make a vow in a hurry. Nevertheless, the vow was made before it was thought over.

"Very well," said he, quietly. "Then you shall know."

Even she looked surprised. "Do you know what that service means?"

"The only thing is—will you give me my answer when it is done? No, Mabel: forgive me. I don't mean that. I don't want to serve you for wages. I want to serve you because you are you. I don't know what else it means: and I don't care. Of course I must have a starting-point. Parson Pengold will tell me all he knows."

"No. He can only tell you what all the parish knows. At least—I don't want him to think—to misunderstand. You understand me; but how would he? You can ask him questions; that would be natural; but he must not know why. As for the chief things, I can tell you as well as he. The ship that threw me ashore was the *Good Fortune*, from the West Indies. My name is really Mabel; perhaps it is really Openshaw!"

"I know all that. Do you suppose there is anything to be known about you that I do not know? I meant that Mr. Pen-

gold might know other things. But that is soon known, without his knowing why. One has a right to ask everything about her one means to live for—it is not as if anything on earth would make any difference to me in that way. Why, if you turned out to be a Princess with millions, it would make no difference to me."

That her turning out to be a beggar, or worse, would make no difference went without saying. But, as the one who would be the first to marry the beggar would naturally be the last to marry the princess (lovers' pride knows of such queer caprices), he thought it needful to put his devotion in the strongest way he knew. His was not that poor and cowardly sort of love that is afraid to ask a richer woman to marry him because of what the envious may say.

"But suppose your search should take you away from home?"

"Then it must take me. It will be better to lose the sight of you for a while, and even the sound of your voice, if that brings me nearer to your liking, than to see you and hear you every hour, while drifting farther and farther away. I want to work for you as well as to live for you. I shall live for you everywhere; but how can I work for you here. . . . I am not afraid of a long labour. Nobody has ever searched as I shall search; I shall never lose a moment; minutes shall be days. How can I fail?"

"Is this a Rope of Sand?" she asked of herself, doubtfully, catching from his calm tone and resolute eyes an instinct that he would be as good as his word, and that he would perhaps come back to her to-morrow with the task performed. "And if it be ever done—what shall I have to say? But he must go. And it will be good for him: whatever happens, he will thank me for having forced him out into the world. . . . And—he must go."

And then, though she had been content to live some fifteen years in ignorance, she did really wish, now that she had spoken of it, to know who she was and whence she had come. Who would not? And if she found a man willing to work out her mystery for her for no more reward than she might choose to give him, or even for none at all, especially when she was becoming more afraid of his presence than she wished to be—

But there is no need to finish that sentence. Every mortal must do that for himself: one must not judge for all. After all, there was a good deal of her only visible mother, the sea, about Mabel Openshaw, beyond her possession of so many self-contradictory minds. She had currents in her own nature that could carry away strong swimmers: and yet the tides do not obey the moon more slavishly than she could obey when once fairly magnetised. She could be cruel: and yet all the while her depth be utterly unstirred. Francis Carew thought he knew her, as mariners think they know the sea—that is to say, not at all. Caleb Quickset thought he knew her: and he did know her, as much as the infinitely smaller nature may know the infinitely larger—that is to say, with perfect accuracy to one degree short of nothing, or as Science may know Nature.

And yet, it may be, there was not much to know. Francis left her, elated by the most baseless hope that ever woman succeeded in palming off upon man: and so filled was he with Nothing that he had nearly reached home before it occurred to him that he had accepted a task that might leave justice to Parson Pengold and the murder of poor Derrick un-avenged.

Even for Love's sake, that must not be: indeed, Love itself seemed to inspire Honour. And, now that he had seen to the state of Miss Openshaw's nerves, and been satisfied with their freedom from injury, there was nothing to hinder him from learning how Nance Derrick had borne her less important sorrow. Nance, it is true, had lost a father: but then Mabel might have had a little-finger-ache, and the whole universe have thus been thrown out of gear.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A VISION OF MIRZA.

He was rewarded for his thoughtfulness by meeting, within a few yards of Derrick's door, Mr. Bartlemy Davis, the very man of all others whom he wished to see without delay.

"You've been to see poor Nance?" he asked, his conscience smiting him ever so little to find that the Squire's as well as the Vicar's and the Vicar's daughter's neglect had not been shared.

"Yes," growled the keeper, without lifting his fur cap or adding a Sir.

"And how?"

"Is she? It's uncommon kind of you to ask: and—it's uncommon cool." He might have meant the weather, by some rapid sequence of ideas. "Oh, she's wonderful well: considering. Some women cry: some women don't: it's always hard to tell which has the most feeling. Miss Derrick seems to be one that don't cry. She's done everything her own self, laid the corpse out and all. You'll like to see the corpse, maybe? You'll find it all there, and the young woman too. I looked in to see if there was anything I could do; but there was nothing. Maybe you'll like to see if there's aught more you can do?"

The keeper's tone had always been offensive from the first; but a man who has made a mistake like his has acquired some privilege of that sort, and then it might be Kentish manners. Besides, Francis, during his residence at Hornacombe, had never taken up the attitude of a lord of the soil in whose presence hats are doffed and tongues are smoothed.

"I'm glad she bears up," said he, realising all the difference between a Nance and a Mabel. Mabel would assuredly have been heart-broken: Nance, it was clear, had been stunned for the moment only. "You're a good fellow to have seen after her. We mustn't bear malice, you and I—we must lay this scoundrel by the heels together, and the sooner the better, for I've got business on hand that will take me away for a time."

"Aye. Like enough. So I'd suppose."

"You'd suppose?" asked Francis: for the first time noting that there was something odd in the keeper's way.

"Why should you suppose?"

"Oh, nothing. Only 'tisn't likely anybody would want to bide in these parts if he could get away: where a keeper's shot like a dog or a poacher, and nobody stirs a finger. In Kent, now, there'd have been a hue and cry. I don't wonder Sir Miles don't come near Stoke Juliot—not at all."

"You mustn't blame the Parson. He's getting old: and he can't bring himself to believe in Murder. And no wonder. I can hardly believe in it myself—though worse things have been done in Stoke Juliot, if all tales be true. But we must teach the place better: the man that shot Derrick shall be hanged. Come up to me this evening, and we'll talk over the best way of catching the scoundrel, so that he won't have warning. He was my servant: and he was murdered on your land. And we both know the murderer, as well as if we'd seen the shot fired. If the law won't work, you and I must do without it: for, so sure as I live, the man that murdered Derrick shall swing. Don't forget to come."

"I'll come, Squire. . . . And to think that's the very man! Talk of Cowcubers indeed—why, one drop of his blood

would have put out the Fire of London. When he goes to the devil, that chap'll be cool still."

This half-admiring speech, however, was not addressed to the Squire's own ears, who had meanwhile entered the cottage. To his amazement, even though he had been to some extent warned of the calm way in which she had taken her grief, he could not realise that anything had happened, from what he saw. The kitchen was just as clean and trim as ever. It is true no pot was on the fire: but, for aught else that was to be seen, Derrick might be expected back from the woods any minute to his meal. He could almost believe, for a moment, that yesterday had been a day in a dream. There, even, sat Nance herself, in her usual chair, with her father's opposite, and with her usual volume on her knees.

She was reading, being no scholar, more than half aloud, and very slowly: so that, struck by so unexpected a sight as that any mortal should take to a book in sorrow, he only half-entered, and heard her words:—"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several drooping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimetars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them."

She came to a pause, and Francis, remembering the Parson's opinion of her, was ready to imagine himself interrupting a witch in the midst of an incantation. And, indeed, there was something terrible about her, with that hard look in her eyes.

"Nance,—my poor girl," he began, not knowing what to say.

She closed her book, and rose.

"What is a scimeter?" asked she. "Is it a gun?"

"Come"—he spoke to her as gently as he knew how—"you need not be afraid for yourself. Of course this cottage is yours for as long as you please. You are like the daughter of a good soldier, who has been killed in battle."

"Mr. Davis says," said she, breaking through the awkward attempts of a man whom sorrow had never taught how to console, "that in this place what Parson says on Sundays, 'Thou shalt do no Murder,' is a dead law. Is that true?"

"By Heaven! Nance, no. What right has Davis, or anybody else, to say such things? What you say is the law of England, too."

"He says you know the man, Squire Carew, and that you will no more lay a finger on him?"

"A finger? I should think not indeed. A hangman's rope is the thing I shall lay upon him."

"You do know the man?"

"As well as you know him. Of course it is that poacher. Who else should it be?"

"Ah, I knew that Mr. Davis was wrong about you?"

"Mr. Davis is an ill-conditioned fellow, and he must have a lesson. However, he's stanch, and means work, and that's the great thing just now. How dared he pretend to know what I should or should not do?"

"I won't say that. It matters naught, because I knew he was wrong. I did not think that a man was to be shot like a gauger."

He had never dreamed that anything in the shape of woman could be so unwomanly. Nance Derrick had always been reticent, and quiet even to coldness, but he had never thought her hard. This was less like sorrow than revenge. "The Parson must see," thought he, as he regarded her silently and sadly, for he could not preach, and if he could, he would have been ashamed.

"The scoundrel shall swing for it—never fear," he said, turning away from her less in pity than in repulsion, and speaking somewhat coarsely, because that seemed in best accord with such a mood as hers. And yet, if he could have known it, the turning of her whole soul into the one channel of vengeance, seeing no sin in it, was just because she had been robbed of one sort of love just when the other had been strangled in its first consciousness of birth. Passion must have some outlet, and all the more when minds are blind and hearts are dumb. He would not have thought her nature hard could he have seen how, all through its secret depths, it was wrong and torn. Probably Mabel might have done good, had she been another sort of woman: or possibly even Parson Pengold, had that parish priest been another sort of man. But all she could do of herself was to give a great cry for justice—as those who have only learned to read the Lord's Prayer backwards call revenge. Nor is it a wholly ignoble cry, so far as poor human nature goes. At any rate, it is better than the tears, which mostly mean but self-pity. But Francis, in common with the world at large, was repelled by dry-eyed passion; and so, having done his duty by her, he turned away.

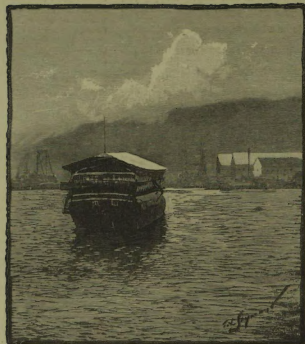
A savage might have understood her, or an angel, or a very young child; but assuredly not the man who loved Mabel Openshaw. As for herself, having assured herself that vengeance was in safe, in infallible and inexorable hands, she returned to her interrupted story of the mysteries of life and death, and finished it solemnly, being left by that immortal fragment somewhat less wise than before. If this was God's justice, then give her her own. Then, till it grew dark, she sat beside the body, which none had yet come to carry away. She was terribly alone. And if there were ever witches, this is the way they are made.

Yes, the sooner this repulsive business was settled, the better indeed. Derrick and Nance would be off Francis's mind, and he would be free to work for Mabel, and to think of her alone. As it was, he was sorely tempted to take the Parson's counsel, to let things go, and to avoid stirring up such a bottomless pool of wickedness as Stoke Juliot seemed to be. Why should he trouble his life with a solitary crime with which justice, religion, and learning, refused to interfere. Despite his innate stubbornness, he would assuredly have yielded to so natural a temptation were it not for something in Nance's hard and deeply glowing eyes that haunted him, and forbade him to hold his hand. It was as if there were something in the Parson's doctrine after all—that a witch is one devoured by some evil passion, be it hate, malice, envy, or revenge, to such a pitch that her passion becomes active power, influencing others either by way of a curse, or else by way of compelling them to obey demonic will.

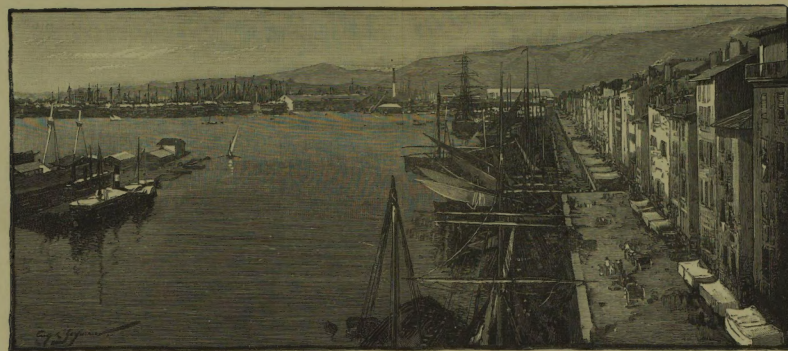
The thing, then, must be done. First of all, it was needful to arrange with Mr. Davis some plan of operations, so that the murderer might be trapped securely without their intention being guessed at by so much as a stray wind. It was doubly fortunate, therefore, that Captain Quickset was out of the way, seeing how consistent was that officer's rule of life with the principle of seeing, hearing, and telling all. His quick wit



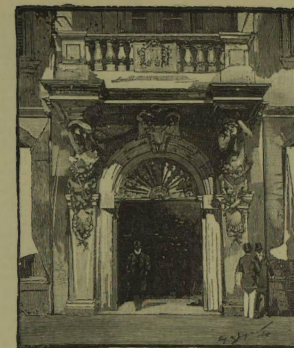
SKETCHES OF TOULON.



AN OLD HULK.



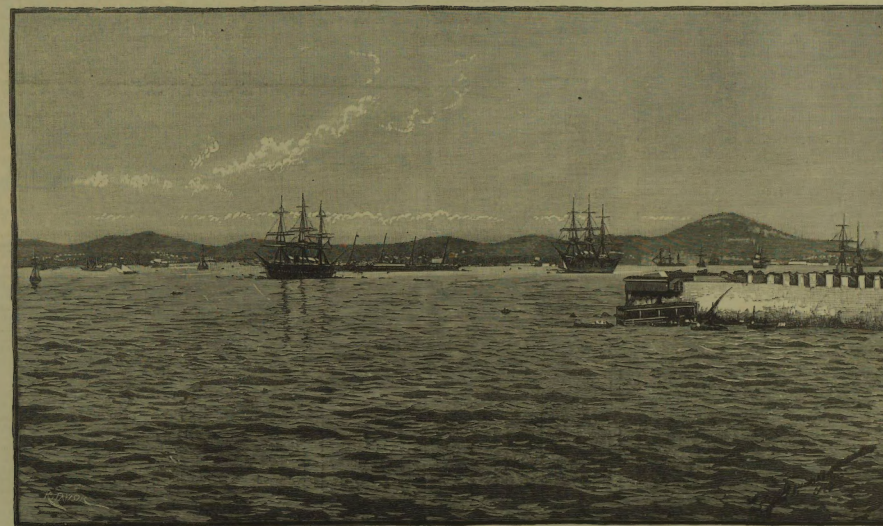
THE COMMERCIAL PORT.



DOORWAY, HÔTEL DE VILLE.



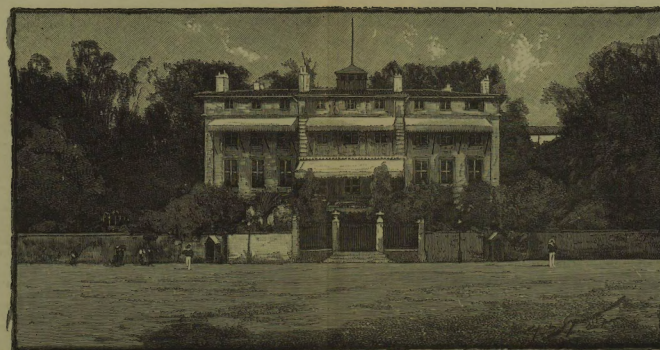
THE TOWN.



THE ROADSTEAD.



QUAY IN THE HARBOUR.



THE MARITIME PREFECTURE.



COMMERCIAL DOCK.



would have been useful, but his quicker tongue would have been dangerously in the way.

Having fed on whatever Mrs. Drax chose to give him, without heeding whether it were hot or cold, fish, flesh, or fowl, he sat thinking over all these things, with a view to some practical and practicable plan. I dare not say that thoughts of Mabel did not interfere sadly with complete mental concentration; for he not only missed Captain Quickset from opposite, but he could not help filling up his empty place with a fair vision of a mistress of Hornacombe. Well—she should sit there at last, though he had to work his way to her round the world. How gracious it had been in her to single out him for the service next her heart—him, out of all mankind! Why, it was almost enough to have been chosen for the duty, even if there were no hope of a reward. He would win her—a man surely cannot give his every thought, fibre, and breath to a woman in vain. In short, despite all other troubles, he felt more glow of life in him than when he was the very idlest dunce at the grammar school. No man thought good claret a sin in those days, or dreamed of its ever being thought so; wherefore, in cups more fragrant for the absence of Captain Quickset's eternal smile, he gave a yet rosier colour to the vision of the future that threw him heavenly glances from the opposite chair.

A Fool's Paradise is not the worst sort of Eden, after all. As for the time it would take to win Mabel, that seemed to annihilate itself as her lover dreamed on. As he had told her, he would make the years days, and the days hours. It was much easier to make practical plans for this than for the other thing. Openshaw, for example, was not an everyday name; and the West Indies did not look, on the map which he consulted, as if they would require an eternity for the search of all their corners. Why, there were twenty clues. There was the name of the ship; the name of the child, her age, her religion, her early recollections—such as they were. The original inquiry must have been bungled indeed. As to what he would discover, he had no fear at all. Everybody could see that Mabel Openshaw was a lady born, from the sole of her miraculous foot to every point of her glorified hair. It would be hard, of course, to be absent from her presence only for the shortest season. But Francis Carew was far too healthy to be troubled with imagination; and sufficient unto the day was the hope thereof, the pride, and the joy.

How it happened, or what it meant, he could not tell; but presently he was aware of that indefinable sensation which warns us we are not alone. Hornacombe had never been thought haunted beyond what all houses are; nor did the candles flicker or turn blue, but that he was not alone he became more and more assured; and, as he was by no means subject to vapours, he did not think of doubting the justice of his own sensations. It was not Mrs. Drax who was about the place, for that good woman both trod and breathed heavily. Nor could it be that confounded Captain—nobody was likely to come back to Stoke Juliot who had near a thousand guineas to spend elsewhere.

"Come out and show yourself, whoever you are!" he called out at last, not expecting an answer, but wishing to hear the sound of his own voice, for company.

He looked round the large, dimly-lighted room as he spoke; and then he was indeed surprised. For there, as if the air had taken substance, stood Cucumber Jack himself, quietly leaning on his gun. Francis started up so suddenly as to overturn his chair. Was a second murder on hand—was the master to follow the man?

"I've brought back your gun," said the poacher. "I wasn't there, so it isn't mine."

Francis could only prepare himself for a struggle. So he took up the only weapon at hand—namely, the heavy claret-jug, and held it by the neck, ready to let fly. A good aim, he thought to himself, would set him free for Mabel's work sooner than he had hoped for; while a bad one—well, there must be no bad one, unless he meant to follow Derrick to Stoke Juliot churchyard in another character than chief mourner's.

(To be continued.)

### SKETCHES OF TOULON.

The cholera, which appeared first at Toulon, has very much abated there and at Marseilles, but its visitation is now severe at Naples. A few Sketches of Toulon will still have some interest for our readers. That town and Mediterranean seaport, with its great naval arsenal, is situated forty miles from Marseilles, by rail, at the eastern extremity of the Gulf of Lyons, near the Hyères islands, and in full view of passing steam-boats bound for Italy. Its foundation is of Roman antiquity, and it was more than once destroyed by Saracen pirates in the Middle Ages, but was rebuilt by the Counts of Provence; and the French Kings, Louis XII., Francis I., Henry IV., and Louis XIV., constructed fortifications to defend it. It was repeatedly attacked by the English fleets in the wars of the last century; and in 1793 was almost captured by Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, but the Revolutionary troops revolted against the proposed surrender, and a terrible conflict ensued between them and the townspeople. This was quelled by the energetic action of Napoleon Buonaparte, then a young Lieutenant of Artillery, who immediately took the command, and directed his batteries against the English with such effect that in a few days they were forced to retire. It was the beginning of Napoleon's great military renown. Toulon has a population of about fifty thousand, with some maritime traffic, but its chief importance is derived from the establishments of the French naval service, which employ ten thousand men, including convicts sentenced to penal servitude. The town is overlooked behind by Mont Faron, with Fort Croix and large barracks on the summit, and by the loftier heights of La Platrière, Mont Coudon, 2300 ft. high, to the east, and Cap Gros and Mont Caoume, 3268 ft., to the west. Several forts are erected on these hills; while those of Malbousquet and Lamalgue, at each end of the harbour, protect the shores from hostile approach. The roadstead is spacious and safe; at its eastern side is the entrance to the commercial port, with the town dock, now used by the steam-boats, which was the old naval dock constructed by Louis XIV.; the present Government docks, named Vauban, Castignean, and Missessy, with the Arsenal, the Bagneor Convict Prison, and the factories of naval stores, extend along the shore west of the town. One of our Sketches is that of the house occupied by the Marine Prefecture, which has the official direction of all these establishments; and others give a general view of the harbour, from outside, a view of the town, the quays, and the commercial port, with its dock, and an old hulk usually occupied by some of the convicts, but latterly used as a cholera hospital ship. The Hôtel de Ville, or Townhall, has a grand doorway, adorned with two finely sculptured caryatides by Pierre Puget, who resided at Toulon. The Cathedral Church of St. Mary Major also contains fine works of sculpture and good pictures. The tourist may enjoy from Toulon excursions to the neighbouring heights, which command magnificent views of sea and land; and the Hyères isles are worthy of a visit.

Vice-Admiral Corbett has been appointed to succeed Vice-Admiral Rice as Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

### INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.

MESSRS. F. ALLEN AND SONS' MACHINERY FOR MAKING COCOA, CHOCOLATE, AND CONFECTIONERY.

Space being limited in the machinery in motion gallery, the Executive Council considered that it would be better for the interests of the public to intrust the showing of the above processes to a firm who would make a joint representative exhibit, and accordingly selected Messrs. F. Allen and Sons, of Bishopsgate-street, E.C., and Canal-road, Mile-End, London, for that important position.

They show a very interesting collection of modern machinery, numbering twenty-seven distinct machines. The preparation of the cocoa bean can be watched until it is manipulated into Homœopathic, Standard, Essential Extract, and other cocoas. The manufacture of chocolate is simple but interesting, some very nice machinery being employed. Cocoa and sugar flavoured with vanilla and other spices being the base of all chocolates. The visitors here can see the making of Imperial, Royal, and other chocolates, including chocolate drops.

The manufacture of sugared almonds and caraway comfits is brought about by working either the almond or caraway seeds in large copper pans, which works the sugar over the objects to be coated.

The boiling of sugar for the making of City butter-scotch, acidulated drops, almond rock, &c., is indeed amusing; the visitors may see the loaves of sugar broken up, boiled, and turned into various devices. Rose, musk, and peppermint lozenges are made by a very ingenious set of machines, which mixes the paste, rolls, and cuts the paste into various shapes.

On the occasion of the hospital fête, Messrs. Allen and Sons generously supplied the conservatory stall with bon-bons and chocolates done up in pretty boxes. These sold as fast as possible when dispensed by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and added considerably to the funds of the charity. The original intention had been to limit the stalls to fruit and flowers, but the boxes being more portable and permanent, were admitted by the Marquis of Hamilton. The same liberal and enterprising gentlemen also supplied a stall kept by Mrs. Cunliffe Owen, near Old London; Lord Charles Beresford drove a brisk trade at his fish-pond, making Messrs. Allen's sweets do piscatorial duty. Judging by the continuous crowd of visitors round Messrs. Allen and Sons' exhibits, it must be one of the features of the Exhibition.

### CHESS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

C F (Tooting).—We are glad to hear from you again. You have underrated No. 2109, as you will see by referring to the solution below. In that variation, if White continue with 2. Q to B 6th, the answer is 2. R to R 4th, &c.

SHADFORTH.—As the greatest care is taken to acknowledge correct solutions, we can only infer that yours never came to our hands.

A W C.—Any bookseller who knows his business can procure you blank diagrams.

W A (Old Romney).—We know of only one solution to the problem. What is the other referred to?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2107 received from Carl Friedleben and W Biddle; of No. 2108 from E J Posno (Haarlem), J M Bell (Edinburgh), Pierce Jones, and John B Entwistle; of No. 2109 from E J Posno (Haarlem), Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), Pierce Jones, Carl Friedleben, Thomas Gaffakin, Alpha, Edmund Field, Captain Baldoock, and E L G.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2110 received from H B, John Hodgson, E Silas, Alpha, R J Vines, L L Greenaway, B Wardell, A M Porter, Jupiter Junior, S Fairant, L Sharswood, E Sharswood, E J Posno (Haarlem), W E Manby, T Sinclair, Ben Nevis, A W Scrutton, C Dariazh, E Casella (Paris), C W Milson, H Reeve, T Gaffakin, A W Cooper, New Forest, Emme (Darlington), F Pine Junior, J Alois Schumcke, R Tweddell, W Hillier, F Ferris, G W Law, R T Kemp, T H Holdron, H Lucas, W G G Jackson, R H Brooks, J T W, Rev F A Bright, George Jockey, J Hall, J K (South Hampstead), F G Farlow, Otto Fulder (Ghent), L Balcon (Antwerp), D W Kell, W J Rudman, R L Southwell, S Bullen, James Pilkington, Nerina, Joseph Ainsworth, N S Harris, A C Hunt, B R Wood, H A L S, F and G Howitt (Norwich), Shadforth, Pierce Jones, R Blackall, Plevna, Aaron Harper, E Featherstone, E Loudon, Carl Friedleben, W Biddle, T G (Ware), J B S, H E S, H Z, Julia Short, E E H, E L G, M O'Halloran, H H Noyes, and Kitten.

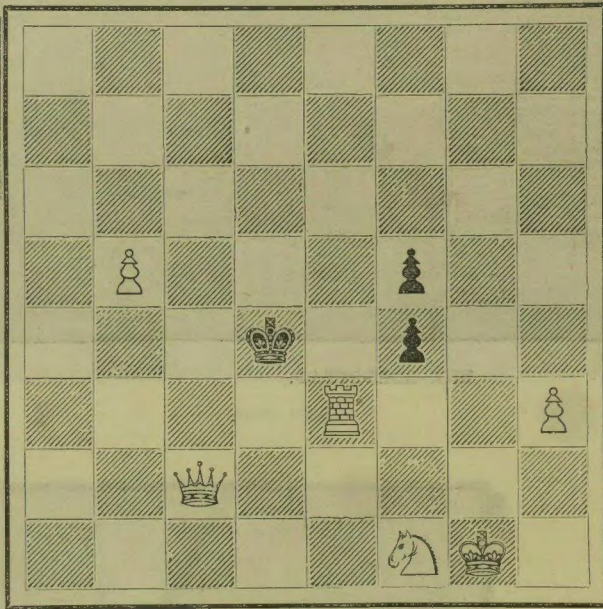
#### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2109.

WHITE.  
1. Q to Q Kt 7th  
2. Q to K R sq  
3. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.  
R to R 3rd (best)  
Any move

#### PROBLEM No. 2112. By J. DOBRUSKY (Prague).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

An amusing Skirmish between Mr. J. O. HOWARD TAYLOR, of Norwich, and another AMATEUR.

(Knight's defence to Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Amateur). 1. P to K 4th 2. B to B 4th 3. Kt to Q B 3rd 4. Kt to B 3rd 5. Castles 6. P to K R 3rd 7. B takes B 8. P to Q 3rd 9. B to Kt 5th 10. B to R 4th 11. B to Kt 3rd 12. Kt to K R 2nd 13. Kt to K B 3rd	BLACK (Mr. T.). P to K 4th Kt to K B 3rd B to B 4th Kt to B 3rd P to Q 3rd B to K 3rd P takes B Q to K 2nd P to K R 3rd P to K Kt 4th Castles (Q R) P to K R 4th Q R to K Kt sq	WHITE (Amateur). 14. K to R sq 15. B to R 2nd 16. P takes P 17. Q to K 2nd 18. Kt to K sq 19. Q to Q 2nd 20. K takes Kt, and Black mates in four moves. Mr. Taylor observes—"There are two ways, but the prettiest, to my taste, is—" 21. P takes Kt 22. P takes Q 23. K moves	BLACK (Mr. T.). P to R 5th Kt to Kt 5th Kt takes P Q to Kt 2nd Kt to Q 5th Kt takes B
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After the silence of a prolonged summer, sounds of action are once more heard in metropolitan chess circles. Preliminary to the winter season, the annual meeting of secretaries of chess clubs for the purpose of arranging club matches will be held on Thursday, the 23rd inst., at Oliphant's Café, No. 5, St. Bride-street, at eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. Hoffer will attend on this occasion, and will submit draught rules to govern the competition for the trophy jointly-presented by himself and Mr. Baldwin.

The Hereford Chess Club, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Anthony, jun., has rapidly risen to a front place in the ranks of provincial associations. In the course of a flying visit last week we learned that it numbers nearly one hundred members; and we observed that, even in this dull season for indoor pastimes, there is a goodly attendance of members for afternoon and evening play.

### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1883), with a codicil (dated May 1, 1884), of the Right Hon. William Bernard, Baron Petre, J.P., D.L., late of Thorndon Hall, Brentwood, Essex, and of No. 35, Portland-place, who died on July 4 last, was proved on the 29th ult. by the Hon. Henry William Petre and the Hon. Frederick Charles Edmund Petre, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £192,000. The testator leaves to his wife £1000, and his leasehold house in Portland-place, with the furniture, pictures, and effects, and a carriage and pair of horses; he also leaves her, for life, a service of plate and the family diamonds and jewels; his pictures and paintings, excepting those at Portland-place, and the said diamonds and jewels, at his wife's death are made heirlooms to go with the settled family estates. His other furniture, plate, books, manuscripts, medals, sculpture, works of art, &c., and the deer at Thorndon, he gives to the person who shall at his death succeed to the title. He bequeaths to his eldest son, William Joseph, live and dead stock, implements of husbandry and crops, to the value of £10,000; to each of his sons, Bernard Henry Philip, Philip Benedict Joseph, and Joseph Lucius Henry, such sum as, with certain other sums they are entitled to, will make up their portions to £13,000; and he makes provision for his daughters. To his executors he gives £500 each; and there are legacies to servants. All his real estate and the residue of his leasehold property are left, upon trust, so as to pass with the settled family estates; and the residue of the personality is to be applied in paying off any incumbrances thereon.

The will (dated May 24, 1884) of Mr. Robert Watson-Smyth, late of Wadhurst Place, Sussex, who died on May 28 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by Mrs. Louisa Watson-Smyth, the widow, and George Masters Pyne, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £85,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife all his household goods and effects and £1500; to his son William Douglas Watson-Smyth, £11,000 (to be brought into hotchpot) to his nephew, George Masters Pyne, £1000; to his niece, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Board, £200; and to the Rev. Thompson Phillips £500, free of duty. The residue of his estate and effects, both real and personal, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life; and at her decease he gives the sum of £9000 to his son Robert, which legacy the testator considered an equivalent for the estate of Edwin Hall, in Essex, given by him during his life to his son William Douglas. The ultimate residue is to be equally divided among his five surviving children.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1880) of Mr. Charles Beavan, barrister-at-law, M.A., Cantab, Examiner of the Supreme Court, late of No. 91, St. George's-road, South Belgravia, who died on June 17 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Charles Albert Beavan, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testator bequeaths to the Treasurer and three senior Benchers of the Middle Temple for the time being £500, for the purpose of adding a stained-glass window to the Temple Church; "item my gold repousse snuff-box, item such of the law and equity reports in my library as they may select, item my portrait by Ludovici;" and there are legacies to his brother and sisters, and other relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his said son.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1877) of Mr. Edwin Cox, late of No. 11, Rochester-terrace, Kentish Town, who died on July 1 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by George Slight, M.D., Alexander Elphinstone, and Walter Rye, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Butchers' Charitable Institution, in aid of the building fund; the Royal Free Hospital; Earlswood Idiot Asylum; the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Old Kent-road; the Blind School, St. George's-in-the-East; the City of London Truss Society; the National Benevolent Institution; the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, at Brompton; the Cancer Hospital; Middlesex Hospital, Westminster Hospital, Charing-cross Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital; and there are legacies to his brother, sister, niece, and others; and a provision for his housekeeper. The residue of his property he gives to his executors.

The will (dated May 6, 1884) of Mr. Charles Meredith, late of South Shore, Blackpool, Lancashire, who died on June 23 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Mrs. Alice Ann Meredith, the widow, Thomas Albert Littler, and John Eaton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £200, the cash in the house, his household furniture and effects, and his horses and carriages to his wife; £100 each to his executors, Mr. Littler and Mr. Eaton; and there are bequests in favour of his son, Frederick, his daughter, Mrs. Littler, and the two children of his late son, William. The residue of his real and personal property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then for all his children by her as she shall by will appoint.

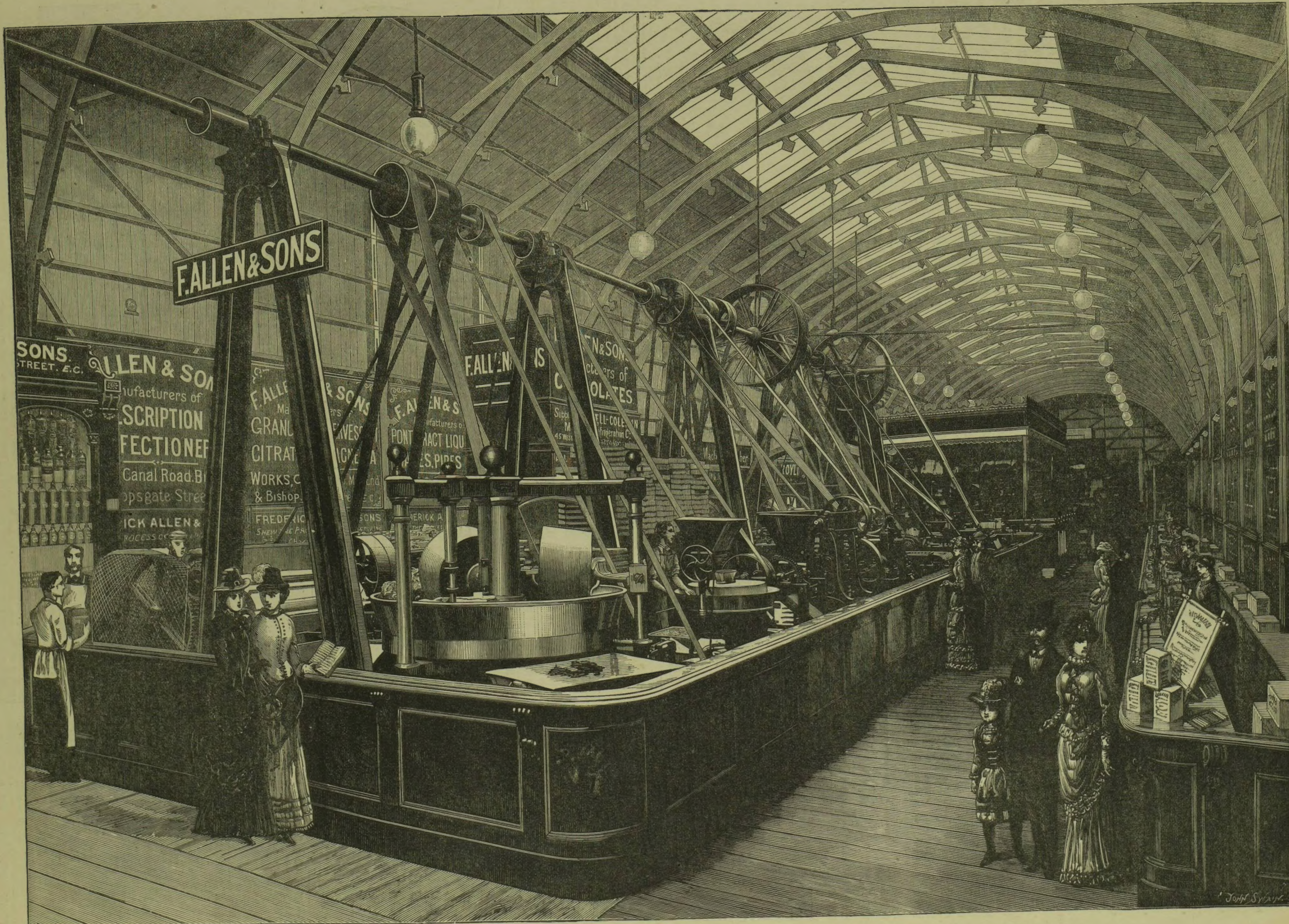
The will (dated April 11, 1883), with a codicil (dated April 10, 1884), of Lieut.-Colonel James Roxburgh, formerly H.E.I.C.S., Bengal establishment, late of No. 1, Clarendon-road, Kensington, who died on July 11 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Mrs. Catherine Edith Pinson and Joseph Prior, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Great Arthur-street Mission, the income to be distributed annually at Christmas among twenty poor persons resident in the neighbourhood of Great Arthur-street; and numerous legacies to his son, daughter, grandchildren, own and late wife's relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his property is to be divided between his son and daughter.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1883) of Mr. George Henry Carbutt, late of No. 31, Craven-hill-gardens, who died on June 18 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Edward Hamer Carbutt, M.P., Thomas Daniel Crews, and Francis Carbutt, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator leaves all his property to his four children, Francis Carbutt, Mrs. Annie Power Gibson, Miss Selina Carbutt, and Edward Goddard Carbutt.

The will (dated March 17, 1884) of the Hon. Sir Charles James Watkin Williams, one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, late of No. 97, Saint George's-road, Pimlico, who died on July 17 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Dame Elizabeth Anne Williams, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £8000. The testator gives and devises all that he has power over to his wife and his three children, Watkin, Penrose, and Given, to be divided equally between them.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1882) of Mrs. Rebecca Gray, widow of John Charles Gray, late of the Strand, and of Windsor, Berks, who died at Windsor on Dec. 14, 1883, was proved on Jan. 31, 1884, by James Anderson Rose and Julia Maria Gray, the niece, the acting executors. The value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Charing-cross Hospital; various legacies to her sister, nieces, and nephews; and the residue of her property to her said niece, Julia Maria Gray.





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1877. SOUTH AFRICA—Diploma of Honour.

1877. SOUTH AFRICA—Gold Medal.

1876. PHILADELPHIA—Grand Diploma of Merit.

1876. PHILADELPHIA—First Class Medal of Honour.

1874. PARIS—Honorary Membership of L'Académie Nationale.

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"Judge of Musical Instruments.  
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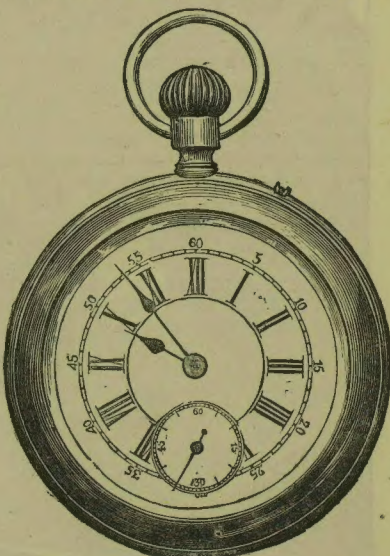
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